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WILD FLOWERS

A Collection of Poems

BY

TITUS A. RODRIGUES, M.A.

"The dignity of human nature requires
us to face the storms of life."

M. K. G.

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FOREWORD

My old pupil, Mr. Titus A. Rodrigues, has honoured me with the request of providing a foreword to his collection of poems, 'Wild Flowers' or rather, *The Wild Flower and Other Poems*. The lover of poetry will find here, not a collection merely of imitative exercises by a young man with a talent for versifying who has read some English poetry, but poems revealing a fine sensibility and often a command of well-turned and beautiful expression. Mr. Rodrigues has here a fair number of delightful lyrics and elegiac pieces in a variety of verse forms of which he seems to have caught the secret well. Full of echoes yet enjoyable is the following from the *Thoughts in a Garden* :

Alas, sweet flower, you and I must part,
 Thou com'st from 'nother sphere,
 Thou canst not know, what 'tis to start
 With pain, like mortals here :
 To thee each passing sunshine and each rain,
 Brings life and vigour new,
 But what to me is the sunshine or the rain,
 When life breeds troubles new ?
 Thou hast no thought,
 But what the morrow brings to thee,
 True joy in life, we seldom see,
 They 're seldom got !

For a young poet Mr. Rodrigues is touched unduly by the sadness of human lot. Perhaps the untimely

loss of his father to whom the volume is beautifully dedicated wrings from him these lines :

Not for me is Mirth again,
Life hath no joys for me :
Youthful cares and endless pain,
My carnival of life, must be !

There are fine moments in his more ambitious efforts and the narrative of Pheidippides the Runner is very nearly an achievement. Mr. Rodrigues who is a young Anglo-Indian, who loves his country no less than his community has produced some work full of promise and it is fervently to be hoped that ' Wild Flowers ' will receive a warm welcome and the success it deserves.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, }
MADRAS,
14TH OCT. 1932. }

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Professor of English.

PREFACE

This collection of verses, which I make bold to offer to the public, was written mainly during my college career. Strangely enough I have chosen to call it 'Wild Flowers' due perhaps to a cherished conceit that thoughts are blossoms on the branches of the mind—a striking similitude assuredly, when men are as harmless nowadays as most carnivorous plants. I should not probably have attempted to dabble in politics; but I feel that there can be no more engaging or interesting subject to a young mind than this, in this great age of unrest—the age of England's Colonial greatness and of Indian Renaissance—a happier union between which two vast nations cannot be more ardently looked forward to than at the present time. I trust the reader will take the poems in the spirit in which they are meant—Conciliation and Reform.

"LORETO VILLA,"
COCHIN, SOUTH INDIA, }
1ST MAY 1932.

TITUS A. RODRIGUES.

As this volume is getting ready I am faced with the loss of a dear parent who had the pleasure of correcting the first proofs. An ardent religious and social worker, his life has been one long sacrifice for his fellow-men; and as one of the chief promoters of that picturesque little edifice, the Church of Loretto now stands to his memory, the achievement of twenty years' deep devotion and labour. As in life, so in death, may his memory be ever cherished. With a heart welling with pain as with joy I dedicate this book to him.

29TH AUGUST 1932.

T. A. R.

As of dust we are made to dust shall we fall,
Ere we rise yet again in a God's great hall!

——:O:——

TO THE MEMORY
OF
OUR BELOVED FATHER

Francis Louis

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON
THE 29th AUGUST 1932

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF MY MOTHER
AND
MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS

"LORETO VILLA,"
COCHIN, 29TH AUGUST 1932

T. A. R.

TO MY MOTHER

. AND FROM
THE CRYSTAL OF MY EYE WILL I FRAME, BRIGHT ANKLETS
FOR HER FEET.

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PATRIOTS ALL

“ Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.”

TENNYSON.

Patriots all ! the brave, the wise,
Honour to them from all arise !
Honour to the brave, who e'er shall be,
Great and noble, valiant and free—
“ Not one, not one, for one and all,
We in the strife, shall gallantly fall,
To right the wrong, to urge the right,
Strive we, as in one great God's sight :
One brotherhood of love, we seek for all,
Though stricken in fight, we hapless fall ! ”
Honour to the brave, honour to the wise,
Honour for India's sons ever rise !

Honour to the brave, honour to the wise,
But shame, O shame to them that rise,
To muster the wrong, beguile the weak,
In cover of innocence their wrath to wreak :
Shame to her sons, with malignant spite,
Who draw the blood from guileless wight :
Shame to her sons, who in guise to free,
Labour more dens for slavery !
Out burrowing rats, treacherous vermin !
That dare not in a flea to stick a pin !
Moreso still dread to meet the light,
So Honour's field was ever bright !
Patriots all debased the same,
Patriots all, to India's shame !

The Wind

Patriots all to India's shame,
 Patriots all belike the same !
 Patriots that seek a titled name,
 Or some rich gown to hide their shame :
 Patriots all from orphan's tears,
 Who forge the chain to bind their fears :
 Still more to wrong the wronged, that lure
 Wise minds, brave hearts, unto the bier :
 Each wily knave, that unwisely squeaks,
 With erring tongue, high politics ;
 Out grovelling curs, out word-musty brains,
 Ignoble flatterers, mendicant swains !
 Patriots all, debased the same,
 Patriots all to India's shame !

Honour to the brave, honour to the wise,
 Honour for India's sons ever rise !

THE WIND

(1)

Beneath the ocean
 O to dwell,
 With a pebble
 To chant my knell.

(2)

There to hide
 With a wave,
 To kiss a Mermaid
 In a cave.

(3)

From the tear
In her eye,
I will shape
Another sky.

(4)

There to see
One only hue,
Like the Ocean's,
Mirror'd blue.

(5)

Such her hair
Of golden sheen,
I will twine
With sea-weeds green.

(6)

In those lips
As coral clear,
I will whisper
Words of cheer.

(7)

Weary sounds
Without a death,
As hover round
The Ocean's breath.

(8)

Hollow voices
Dispelling fear,

Ode to the Spirit of Love

That rejoices
The dirge of care.

(9)

If this I have
No more dread I,
The Storms of Fate
Though I should die.

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

I

In the first faint flush of dawn,
In the first faint flush of morn,
When the heart was young,
When life was new begun,
With sunshine and with joy I worshipped thee,
O Spirit of Love !
All heaven and earth my love transcends,
All space, and time that fleeting wends,
And all the secret joys unborn,
Of youth or fame, Spirit, I give thee.

II

As the dawn's first trembling ray,
Prisoned by a shade at play,
Leaps back to the light in glee,
Tremulous I sped to thee,
O Spirit free ! and clasped the naked bosom
Of thy glory !

Ode to the Spirit of Love

5

Fair as the ruby-breasted morn,
Where the reddening mists are born !
I clung to thy mellow warmth, and prest
My infant lips to thy full breast.

III

Like a fire-fly with its spark,
I fled to thee through the dark,
 O Spirit of light !
 Transcendent bright !
As floating o'er city, and sea, and river,
 Thou didst quiver,
Piercing with thy arrows of light,
The dark'ning shrouds that awed the sight,
By man's perfidy, and Custom wrought,
Of braided fears, and subtle thought,

IV

Like a leaf beside the flower,
Laden with the balmy odour,
 I lay by thee O Love,
 As from the clouds above,
Thou didst fill me with an aerial joy,
 Spirit—lip to lip !
Till the Joy that kissed my tears,
And the breath that stilled my fears,
Swiftly passed, and left me clasped,
Panting with pain, and love for love !

V

But thou O Spirit ! that wanders ever,
Shedding sweet music o'er city and river,

The Eastern Dance

Brush with thy magical wing,
 My faint soul, till it sing
 Fluttering with joy, a swan mid showers of rain—
 O Spirit, divine !
 Thy naked touch awakes the earth,
 And Nature leaps with spring-time mirth :
 And the fresh-blown leaves, and the crystal
 streams,
 Cradle thy spirit 'mid throbbing gleams !

VI

O Spirit that livest ! O Soul of Time !
 Life-giver and lover through every clime !
 By thee my soul is fed,
 With ethereal flushes spread,
 As breath to breath, we meet through distance sped,
 Spirit, Thou and I—
 When me such eternal fountains feed,
 My earthy bonds fall fast as weed,
 And life transcends this mortal grasp,
 We live for ever, Spirit,—Thou and I !

THE EASTERN DANCE

O have you seen an eastern dance,
 Merry to the tabor sound ?
 Like fair mermaids in a trance,
 See our maidens lead the round.
 Bowing, swaying, there they flow,
 Breaking like a chain of pearls,
 Ankles white, and breasts of snow,
 O have you seen our eastern girls ?

Vests of crimson, gilt in fold,
 Mantles tinkling with the sound,
 Eyes like rubies set in gold,
 Black the hair that sweeps the ground.

Tripping, singing, there they go,
 Hand in hand as fairies bright,
 Blushing, swooning in a row,
 Roses trimmed in rays of light!

Have you seen an eastern dance,
 Have you heard the timbrels clash,
 O have you seen an eastern trance,
 Silver bells on anklets flash?

O to kiss a Cis or Nell,
 It is surely worth a nod,
 But to see our eastern Belle,
 Is meed worth an eastern God!

LIFE IN DEATH

What songs are on the mountains,
 That heave above the earth!
 What echoes fill the fountains,
 That sparkle in their birth!

“There’s life in us, and live are we,
 Live as any shower can be,
 And through every orb or star,
 Through each grating’s golden bar,
 We hear the Spirit speeding fast,
 The Spirit that quickens, the Spirit that lasts!”
 And the storm-cloud whistles past—

The Light of other Days

" Life is freedom, ecstasy,
Black death is dismal slavery :
Life is all, and death is nought,
From death to life, were we begot !
So we live and thrive,
Happy when we strive,
Loving every mighty seer,
Like us that brook their peers,
Nor stoop to tyrants' leer ! "

So sing all the fountains,
That quicken to the moon :
The staid and stately mountains,
That glisten in their swoon.

Then sadly do I pause and sigh,
If we sicken must we die ?
Will death end eternity !
Will this bright world end, and all
Its glorious peasant, and humble thrall,
And tyrants vain, to haste the fall ?
Will death end liberty !
Will death end eternity !

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

When first I met thee gentle one,
There was no light on earth save thee ;
Still as those early fires have gone,
My soul lies tranced in thine eye.

Now as the dark years cloud upon me,
A greater light doth hover round,

For all my light is still in thee,
Since thee, my first and latest love, I found.

THE BRIDGE OF LODI

[One of Napoleon's most illustrious victories, reminiscent of his personal courage.]

O ! I have heard of many a tale,
Engraved on sculptured marble pale,
Of Grecian rhyme, of Spartan story,
But never yet was writ in glory
Such fame, the mightiest of his race,
Impaled in stern Helena's embrace :
Fit lodge for thee, O restless soul !
Twin storm-swept peaks where oceans roll !
List then to this lone tale ye men,
Of him, whose eye like eagle's ken,
In flashes fiery scared his foes,
As each lay stricken 'mid his throes.
It is said at the bridge of Lodi,
'Twas first that Napoleon in his glory,
Viewed with his firm unshrinking eye,
The dusky hordes of Austrians lie,
In multitudes a legioned band,
Thick-speared and arming all the land ;
Wherefrom loud clamours rent the air,
Impatient straight their foes to dare.

Across the stream pavillioned wave,
The banners of the Austrians brave,
With but a narrow bridge to span
The Frenchman's troops ; where in the van,

The Bridge of Lodi

The gallant few in turmoil cowed
As o'er their spears they lowly bowed.
Then lo ! as doth an eagle's cry,
Awake each slumbering neighbour nigh,
With spread of pennon, clash of spear,
Anon they sprang, their Chief to hear.
" Hear me, O Chiefs ! my gallant men,
Fierce victors of the bloody glen,
Ye sons of France, warriors bold,
Victors, since first ye drew the sword !
Now ye a fiercer onset waits,
Come life, come death, we trust the Fates !
Frowns death from every rocky ridge,
We straight must cross this wooden bridge,
That holds us from a desperate foe,
Garrisoned and manned on yonder shore ! "

Then was no answer, men were mute,
Their courage withered at the root,
For n'er it seemed might human power
An opening force, beneath such cover,
From many a battery fiercely charged,
With shell and shot, and men enlarged.
" Yea ! if ye doubt, the Austrian foe,
Will turn their sabres to your woe !
Down with the cowardly tyrants, down !
O down with sceptre, king and crown !
O'er mountain snow, o'er mountain flood,
Trace we our glory in their blood ;
Shall France your cowardice bemoan,
Your wives, your children in servitude groan ?
O ! an hour of triumph, is worth
An age etern, of slavish mirth !
Ye free-born citizens ! on ! on !

This fight shall gild another morn !
Will ye still waver, on, my men !
On ! valiant victors of the glen ! ”
Forth then a shout exultant,
From inflamed ranks was aloft sent,
Spread they the echoes more lustily each,
Beyond the river's foaming reach.
Scarce might the foe their sight believe,
When forth they saw the Frenchmen heave,
Across the bridge in snaky coil,
Full fast and furious to win the spoil.

Forth blazed the dreaded cannon all,
Forth flashed the deadly musket ball !
Fierce musketry and fiercer rout,
In fiercer anguish spread about.
O ! the savage charge they made,
Mid bursting shell and cannonade ;
Each mangled column the fumes unwreath,
And loud the torrent storms beneath ;
No mortal eye might penetrate
That gloom, nor friend from friend might rate,
And fiercer as the onset warms,
Full louder roars the wars alarums ;
Was this a sight for men or gods,
Might man e'er battle, 'gainst such odds !

Then higher rose the enraged howl,
As deeper grew the spreading scowl,
Of dead and dying that barred the way,
Each, pile on pile, whereas they lay.
Swift then as dragon brought to bay,
The men turned back in great affray,
For ere the bridge they midway might attain,
The withering fire had half their number slain.

The Bridge of Lodi

O those valiant sons of France !
Men that outdared a hundred lance
In equal contest, spear to spear,
Or bleeding heart to heart ! but here
They quailed and turned, nay all but fled,
When lo ! their chief like lightning sped,
Forth snatched a banner, aloft it reared,
And charged, as through the din was heard,
“ Follow your leader ! ”—the bridge was cleared,
Back turned the blinded ranks, nor feared
They aught, but gallantly set forth,
From field to fly, to be shamed more loth,
And shook the air with deafening shout,
As laboured back that maddening rout.
Over the blood of heroes and of men,
O'er bodies of brothers, thick piled as in a fen,
Blinded with dust, or blood, or smoke,
The writhing band a passage broke,
Or amazed, or deafened, or gone blind,
Doubting if alive, in front or behind !
Him then in foremost ranks when they beheld,
Their mighty chief, anon each fear was quelled ;
So mayst the youth often outdare
The seasoned man, for Honour's fare.

Flashed then the proud Chief's fiery eye,
Forth flashed his blood-stained sabre high !
And straight as the foremost gunner pierced did lie,
Forth went the shout “ My gallant men ! O Victory ! ”
Anon, the native fire of valour, flashed
Each Frenchman's bleeding eye, still more abashed,
Like maniacs wild, from every side,
They spear the Austrian in his pride.
Then burst that dusky alien band,

As when an earthquake rends the land,
Or like the entrails of the earth,
Torn by fierce currents in their birth ;
Fast fled the foe, or trodden in the fight,
And faster followed the victors through the night.

O ! was such gallant charge of men,
Viewed e'er in valley or in glen :
Such fury or such redoubled ire,
Might man in man ever inspire !
If then at Waterloo him ill befell,
That did abate his martial spell,
Good friend ! call you that defeat,
Where men in strife make no retreat,
In numbers few if that they fall,
Entombed in death, yea one and all !
O then sure was no hero lost,
Who could but rally so thin a host,
As at that fatal bridge's head,
Where many a gallant made his bed,
Who dare into the cannon's mouth to fly,
Or snatch from death, red-haired Victory !

SHALL WE DISARM ?

[Lines on the Disarmament Conference.]

I

Shall we disarm ? Yea, some have said,
Man's fel'ny draweth to a head,
Since Science with an ungentle hand,
Her secrets mutinous hath scanned,

Shall We Disarm ?

To heap with crime the mouldy soil,
 Or life of tranquillity despoil,
 Or rage in the dark ambushéd mire,
 To rack the earth with fumes and fire ;
 And some : how vast, the fields unknown,
 Create for happiness, and moan,
 Or pledge on airy flights of ecstasy,
 " This gay world is but in its infancy ! "

II

O ye, that love the growing strife,
 Of Nature's varied tumultous life,
 That moan, or hanker for the joy
 Of unseen dreams, as doth the boy,
 Whose earliest vision tempts the day,
 Nor knows what follows—the dark ray,
 Then light—your ardent quests pursue,
 Nor dread ye aught, new realms to view :
 Nor fear ye strife, nor snare, nor hate,
 No spark of life may ye abate,
 For War wilt be that pestilential birth,
 As what o'erburdened Nature still brings forth !

III

Ah fickle souls ! still must ye bend,
 Man's lot is e'er to strive, contend,
 As richest stores are dearest bought,
 Where pain and sorrow greatly wrought,
 Still must ye war, still not disarm,
 Great weakness 'twere to ope to harm ;
 Will the proud lion his paw, unpaw ?
 The tiger fierce, ~~those~~ claws unclaw ?

The swell of ages needs must flow,
Though else might man decree in woe ;
O Nations blest ! yet thrice forbear your Might,
Man's Law was e'er established by his Right !

THE WORK OF MAN

[A humorous phase of Communism]

Come my Love, and let us build
Upon the great sea-shore,
A hut of coral and of shell,
And think of God or Gods, no more !

And we will build my Love upon
Where the glistening waves do swell,
When soft, the low-wind creeps at eve,
And charm it round with love's own spell.

And when this hut is made,
We'll live as man and wife,
And with the wooden spade,
We'll knock at the portals of Life.

We'll tread under our feet each sage,
The pomp of Religions old,
And 'neath the roaring loom of Time,
Fashion anew this crabbed world.

Not for us shall life be sad,
Or ills or danger stirring,
But the liquid airs of Nature,
Shall breathe one long Eternal Spring !

But prithee Love, wilt thou then turn cold
And throw stones at our hut?
Or help another—a stranger—to be bold,
To throw stones at my hut?

Then come my Love and let us build
Upon the great sea-shore,
A hut of coral and of shell,
And think of God or Gods, no more!
[The Fool hath said in his heart: there is no God]

HISTORY IN VERSE

ENGLAND!

When thy glittering swords affrayed,
The Roman Eagles from thy shore,
In freedom didst thou reign supreme,
A regal bride for ever mo'.

And in reverence meet, did worship,
The fathers of thy land,
Till thy great warrior sons, abroad
Dared forth their conquering band.

Then were high cities swiftly levelled,
Their wealth and splendour borne,
In lofty conquest, spread abroad,
By roar of canon shorn.

Forthwith, thine arm did rule the land,
All lustrous with gems supine,
Not great Alexander's eye could dare,
Nigh dazzled by their shine.

Lo ! thence this mystic realm of lights,
Straight bowed unto the fitful West,
Her symbols wrought, and fantasies,
Like dust, sink crumbling on her breast.

As when wide forest-laws are brok'n,
Deep growls of hate arise,
The tigress stalks the huntsman's pride,
With famished, blood-shot eyes.

For lo ! the wrath of men arose,
Tho' dull, yet steady was the fire,
When the dread music of her sages,
Was tuned to western lyre.

Full fierce and fast the flames gushed forth,
And slashed the reddening orb,
As a fiercer, wilder murmur spread,
From th' hearts of a wild, wild mob.

Forth stepped a half-clad figure then,
And light was in his eye,
Who quelled the direful slaughter,
With the spirit of his sigh.

Then well did pause, both friend and foe,
To heed the calm prophetic wail,
Of him who dreaded shell nor shard,
Tho' bare his body and tho' frail.

But hark ! the spirit of the man,
May lull the strife, not cease,
And he anon may tire and rest,
With his one message true, of peace.

History in Verse

For see, the Russian Witch hath littered,
Alas for Freedom's Cause !
Her she-cubs rankle through the world,
And some the Indian straws !

Like a fierce Hydra, she will rain,
Bright scorpions from her hair,
Messages of freedom, she will shower,
Alas thou world, beware !

The Christian Church will totter,
But still again arise :
Like any skilful potter,
Her clay on clay will rise !

But England ! a more dismal laughter,
Awaits thy teeming throes :
Dread her, for she will yield thee,
To thy many foes.

Ah ! when was England's might so tried,
Her aid as now, besought !
For still a People's Cause is hers,
From warring feuds begot !

She will rage and roam the world,
With pestilence from her lair,
The world will blister and go mad,
Beware O England ! beware !

But when the storms do pass away,
The spirit of the man, shall rise,
And the mutilated nations will,
From strife, awhile arise,

Soon Freedom, wilt thy banners float,
O'er each bright orient crest,
As brother-like, not born for spoil,
The East will meet the West.

Then England, will thy prophetic bards,
Their hymns fulfilled, rejoice :
And eastern harps with timbrel songs,
Their love and concord, forth outvoice !

FALSE TO ME

Love flies to me on the wings of night,
On the merry warble of the sea-bird's flight :
Love flies to me from the ripple of waves,
From the lone waters, and the far sea-caves.

Love flies to my breast and fills his seat,
And tendons and nerve dilate and beat,
The throb of my heart, the pulse of my vein,
Doth rock the cradle, where my Fair Love is lain.

But must I lie low and ever fear,
My Love for me will shed no tear,
That the sounds that I hear are more constant true,
Than my true Love, my true Love to me, than you ?

Are they false, sounds of mountain, stream ?
Then my Love, my Love doth falsely seem :
No truth in the sky, in her eye, in the sunbeam ?
Then my Love, my Love doth falsely seem !

A Song of Liberty

A SONG OF LIBERTY

Awake ye sons of India !
 Awake young Anglo-India !
 That like an eagle dazed erstwhile,
 With the cloudy vapours of feigned warmth,
 Slept 'neath the wings of darkness :
 As soon doth rend the sable clouds,
 And fraught with wings of fire,
 Doth cleave the murky air,
 Awake ! and with a golden track,
 Arise and soar to kiss the morning sun,
 The sun of Liberty !
 Awake Anglo-India and breathe the liquid air,
 Awake from bootless dreams of cherished fame,
 And spurn the lowly shadows that creep upon the earth :
 So, soar aloft unto the hills and mountains,
 That leap for joy !
 There hold thou thy perch,
 Lashing the air with proud bespread wing,
 Beside the Spirit of Liberty !
 India's cry is your own,
 Her life and birth-right yours ;
 Awake ! awake young Anglo-India,
 And flare with your pinions of light,
 The darkness of the oppressor's might !
 Awake Anglo-India and be free,
 'Tis a traitor that fears Liberty !

LINES TO A CHILD

O ! is there not one live thought, that will pierce
 Through the dark bosom of these clouded years

To draw forth thence one only silken thread,
To bind our hearts O Child ! ere I be dead !
One silver thread, that will for ever shine
Resplendent, 'midst this life, so dark as mine,
Where light is not, but like a fading streak
Of sunshine, hope illumes this vision weak ;
Aye ! distant to me is the prospect of joy,
Alas ! I have been but a simple toy,
In the relentless hands of subtle fate !
Ah ! tortured have I been, both early and late,
Though young in years, yet ages dwell on me,
Of deep-wrought pains, grim, far too grim to see.
Not life now holds again the ardent hope
Of younger years, but with a sickening rope,
Have I been bound ; as 'neath a freezing pall
Hath been enmeshed, each sentient thought, so all
From life, that did hold out unto the soul,
Dear promise, to fulfil the undying role
Of ambition ; all that did hold it shame,
To win high honour for a felon's name.
Alas ! misguided into the unwary ways
Of men, whose minds an idle fortune sways,
Alas, so fall 'n ! but faintly do I see,
Staid Truth's fair visage—Fame—that used to be,
So glorious once ; yea, all for which I dare
Destroy myself, yet now thus low I fare.
No more the buoyancy of eager youth,
Can stir each vein, those wistful days in sooth
Have past ; so fled as doth a filmy vision
That enchants a lover's trance ; that mission
I dreamt I had to fulfil in the world,
Hath faded far ! Alas ! it hath unrolled
No more an endless pageant of glory,
Though much I longed, but far a sadder story,

Lines to a Child

Of youth despoiled of hope, of illusory dreams
That form the life of man : so now it seems
Those dreams for me have past ; or rather now
I wake to face the world's death-stony brow :
I stare into its eyes, the leaden glare
Affrights me, as anon its face doth flare
With flame ; each dart, a circumstance of life,
Not stirred by breath of peace, but incessant strife,
The hardness of each fact, the illusion of the world,
The illusion in everything, as yet unfurled
To many : alas ! to me no longer worth,
But as I see life's barrenness unearthen ;
The force of fate, whose every subtle smile,
The wandering mind with promise doth beguile, '
And dread ; as poised over the profound deep
Of grim reality, I stand and weep.
Alas ! that ever I had dared aspire
To linger by the springs of life ! that fire
For conquest of knowledge, all hath gone :
Confused, a burnt-out lamp, now am I borne,
Weak, blinded, through a dreary storm-wracked shore,
To ice-bound shoals, where sink all human lore.
There, through the struggling beams of frosty light,
That vision breaks, of the city, bright,
High-seated on a mountain crystal clear,
Wherefrom, deep echoes of a distant cheer,
And mirth, appals the sinner's anguished soul,
In ceaseless accents : whose melodious role
Resounds in music, more loud thro' spacious halls,
As enthroned it stands 'mid adamant walls,
A sight for e'er. O ! is there not one thought
That will yet pierce the past, those shadows fraught
With fear ; to draw but thence one only thread
To bind our hearts O child ! for aye to shed

Oh ! How Long Have..... My Love 23

That light around me of thy companionship,
Thy guiding care, so I may more worship
The force of Truth ; in that greater light
Still crescent, to be led athwart the night
Of men, by thy clear soul with lustre spread
Upon its pinions, upborne by fairest ether,
Nor weighted with the storms of dismal weather,
Not sinks upon the tumultous surge of waves,
Where human life, that shoreless ocean laves,
To that fair city with a myriad lights
Encircled, that reflects all earthly sights
Resplendent : more with the red lightning
Made bright, where dwells that one great endless
[Being !

OH ! HOW LONG HAVE I WAITED FOR YOU MY LOVE

Oh ! how long have I waited for you my love,
Sat yearning and waiting and longing for you,
The minutes they sped slowly, but where was my love,
Ah ! where was my love, ah ! where wert thou !

As a sparrow, alone I sat twittering on my bough,
Twittering and breathing vain sighs for you :
As a sparrow I built a nest so low,
For you and me, ah very few know,
Or can fathom my heart, very few love,
Ah ! none save you, canst thou my love ?

I have sat so long and pining for thee,
I have waited in sorrow and pain and glee,
I have counted the breezes every one,
Speeding through the leaves, ere they were gone.

When Fair Queens Weep

I thought you would come with the breezes so slow,
I thought I would kiss you in my dreams you know,
And kiss you and clasp you so tight to my heart,
And clasp you so tight, we never can part ;
But thou, ah ! where wert thou my love,
Ah ! where is my love, where art thou ?

WHEN FAIR QUEENS WEEP

[In a Harem : supposed to be sung by one of the Maids-in-waiting.]

Come Leela, come,
The crimson sun hath set :
Come Leela, come,
Queen Night is stoled in jet.
Heigho-ho ! fair lady !

Come Leela, come,
The star-maidens weep :
Come Leela, come,
She will rest not, nor sleep.
Heigh-ho ! sweet lady !

Come Leela, come,
White clouds enshroud her :
Come Leela, come,
Her dark beauty unsoothes her.
Heigh-ho ! fair lady !

Hush Leela, hush,
 Draw the blue curtains aside :
 Hush Leela, hush,
 Ope her fragrant bosom wide.
 Heigh-ho ! sweet lady !

Hush star-maidens, hush,
Hide your tapers bright :
Hush star-clouds, hush,
Close in your fleecy light.
Heigho-ho ! chaste lady !

Haste Leela, haste,
Strip her of that gaudiness :
Haste Leela, haste,
Lay her in her loveliness.
Heigh-ho ! sweet lady !

See Leela, see,
Hot tears bedim her cheek's fair sky :
Soft Leela, soft,
Kiss her black hair, her honey-bee eye.
Heigh-ho ! fair lady !

Weep Leela, weep,
She weeps for her lover :
Weep Leela, weep,
Weep we with her for ever !
Heigh-ho ! sweet lady !

RELIGION IN MAN

In the tempests of Life,
On any stormy, stormy sea,
When I flutter like the clouds,
In the shifting, shifting skies,
When Hope is distant far,
Hidden like a star,
When dismal thoughts like waves,
Surge through the mind's frosty caves,

26 World-Peace—Through Indian Eyes

And the whistling wind and cloud,
In fury rend through every shroud,
Ah ! then, when Hope is still afar,
Hidden like a star,
One only refuge I seek,
In my little Anchor, deep
Flung upon the tossing water !
Then lo ! from every shrieking rafter,
The wind doth sink to calm,
With the freshness of a holy balm,
And the waves beat slow,
And the tide sinks low,
On any stormy, stormy sea,
In the tempests of Life,
'Mid weariness and strife,
For then, ah ! then I think of THEE !

WORLD-PEACE—THROUGH INDIAN EYES

Ambition ! O thou Goddess of man's life,
Alone, dread phantom of the Olympian heights !
For thee, doth man abide the strife,
'Mid thorns, whilst the chill wind bites :
Thou who at thy every birth,
Fills the air with chimes and mirth,
And with thine own mystic show,
Dazzles the world as the ages flow !
For thee the patriot all aflame,
Bears the burden of another's shame,
And with his steely eyes of fire,
To free his kinsman doth aspire :
"To arms ! to arms !" —the patriot's call,
Fills the sky with deafening squall,

And like a clarion o'er their head,
Awakes the living and the dead ;
O ! for the spirit that stirs the man,
Who clothes a nation with half a span,
Of flimsy cotton, wove on flimsy wheels,
An inch an hour, as the quick time steals !
O ! for the man that's stripped to the loin,
Who pleads—" Truth needs no covering—"
As through the fumes of the salt-sea's worth,
He sees the dawn of a nation's birth,
And courts imprisonment whilst he sought,
To work liberty from a steaming pot !

Quick Spirit of Life, move on, move on,
This is the beginning of a newer dawn,
When the martial ranks of steel,
And the shodden hoof or heel,
And the deafening canon's blaze,
That strikes the peasant with amaze,
And the death-dealing steel or shell,
Or poisoned fumes, and all that quell
The Rights of Man, the Spirit of Life,
Amid the battle and the strife,
All, all must yield to a newer flame,
Older than Life, older than Shame,
'Tis the God-given right of man,
The Patriot knows it, flout him who can ;
One spirit, one God, free man, free soul,
While the seasons flow, and the ages roll !

Thou hast yet another hue, O Ambition !
When from the sacred heights, the muezzin,
Or from the lofty temple or the fane,
The man of God shrieks out in vain,
" My God alone is God ! we lead the way,

28 World-Peace—Through Indian Eyes

Our lights alone bear the celestial ray"—
Weak man ! that shrieks yet knows not what he says,
Frail in his faith, more weak in his ways ;
What God is there that pleads not human love,
Love thy neighbour, then plead the God above :
Self-love, self-will, vanquish all, all,
And pass not by, when your brothers fall—
That God is God who blames not one,
Who seeks not the laurels after its won,
My God is yours, my life, my soul alike,
It needs as well a harbour, safety, belike ;
Shriek not then " My God alone is God !"
Work with the spirit, then is my God your God :
Then can there be no selfish division,
Or hostile camps that court perdition,
No internecine strife, no feud, no war,
That in the harmony, strikes a discordant jar,
Or ranks superior, major, or minor,
No slave will be a slave, end all in honour ;
Freedom, Order, Progress, 'tis the same to all,
Happiness alike to the lord as to the thrall !
Thus shall ye not divide the Sacred Spirit
That lives, while the ages roll and the seasons fleet.

Quick Spirit of Life, speed on, speed on,
This is the beginning of a newer Dawn !
O ! how strange are thy powers O Soul !
Thy powers so strange as the seasons roll !
In thy hidden lights are seen,
More deaths than on sword so keen,
Thy strength e'er hidden in thy weakness,
And like a hostile cloud in darkness,
That flashes bright in flame,
Thy powers oft put the sword to shame ;

Yet wilt thou resist, yea or nay,
 When the proud flesh brings to bay
 The soul, or release the deadly ranks
 Of darkness upon thy flanks,
 And in destroying, doth destroy
 The peasant's house, his happiness and joy ;
 Thus yielding thou wilt provoke new war :
 The flesh is weak, and too weak to bar,
 The deeper powers of the soul,
 Unknown, unfelt, e'en as a shoal
 Unsounded, but with currents strong,
 That sweeps the ocean's watery throng,
 As through the world's dizzy maze,
 It sweeps the darkness and the haze,
 Of man's benign yet unsteady sway,
 Installed by the trumpet's blare,
 The loud clarion, the marshal tread,
 The beaten mail, the beastly dread
 Of hostile arms, and the proud triumph,⁷
 Of the world-proud Conqueror.

Quick Spirit of Life, move on, move on,
 Thy powers are enfeebled by weak man :
 Yet will the tortured flesh endure,
 Unresisting, while the gashes sear,
 While the seasons fleet or roll,
 Deep powers lie hidden in the soul !
 And though the shattered columns break,
 With many a gash and mangled streak,
 And the battles storm or roar,
 Thy powers will ever triumphant soar,
 Over a base—a Material world—
 With thy stately banners all unfurled,
 And thy breath, with summer's calm,

30 World-Peace—Through Indian Eyes

Will shed a universal balm,
And thy powers with triumphant lease,
Will found a lasting Universal Peace !

Quick Spirit of Life, move on, move on,
Thy powers are enfeebled by weak man !
While the seasons fleet or roll,
Deep powers lie hidden in the soul,
Yet man, human man, that human thing,
Will to the flesh and body cling,
And while the seasons fleet or roll,
Slow are the powers of the soul ;
Are we Saints ? sure not we,
Yet man, a humane man can be,
Peace, Order, Progress, 'tis the same to all,
Happiness alike to the lord as to the thrall !
Quick Spirit of Life move on, move on,
Thy powers are enfeebled by weak man,
That under the banded names of Swaraj, or Congress,
Retard the flow of Constitutional Progress—
The peace, the love, the deep harmony,
That is of life the only symphony—
Not pride nor avarice that sways the mind,
But human love, to be humanely kind :
Then seek ye to rebuild, not to destroy,
Build on the dear foundations of human joy,
Freedom, Order, Progress, 'tis the same to all,
Happiness alike to the lord as to the thrall !
So grasp the hand of fellowship and peace,
The emblem true, of friendship's triumphant lease,
Between a benign ruler and the ruled,
As when mortals are divinely schooled :
Quick Spirit of Life, roll on, roll on,
The powers are enfeebled by weak man.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN

From east and west the cohorts rise,
To east and west, the banner flies,
He flames it here, he rears it there,
Fair as a meteor through the air,
The Anglo-Indian.

He fights on sea, he fights on land,
He has reddened the sands of the Sahara-land,
He fights for his King, he fights to be free,
He fights for his home, and his country,
The Anglo-Indian.

There is the patriot, there stands he,
Proud as a mountain, free as a sea,
Strong in arm, in wisdom wise,
He thunders back, his brothers' cries,
There is the Anglo-Indian !

Strong in Council and wise in war,
Let his wisdom flame like a star,
Another gem for India's crown,
To flash her glory and renown,
There is the Anglo-Indian !

There is he in his short shirt-sleeves,
Turning the sod ere the winter cleaves,
He'll twirl the brand, he'll till the sand,
As proud as the proudest of the Amero-land,
The Anglo-Indian !

He blows on high the trumpet blast,
Bleeding he falls, ere he breathe his last,
From Indi's shore to France's Rhine,

The Magic Web

His shouts are heard, his strifes outshine,
There is the Anglo-Indian !

Then wake ye my friends, hear ye the wars,
Forget your stars, think of your scars,
The flag of your brothers flame on high,
Their shouts are ringing through the sky,
O fly to arms, strike up the alarums,
Hark ! the battle-thunder breaks and storms !

THE MAGIC WEB

There is a web that is woven,
In the withering shafts of day,
Whilst fall the palm-trees smartly cloven,
Or the whirl-winds rage in play.

A radiant web of meshes fine,
With sparkling lights between,
Whose shifting lustre, none can divine,
On earth, that well I ween.

Since Time was, and the world begun,
A shapely hand unseen had set,
A stately loom, and threads that run,
Endless thro' life, that none can get.

To peasant, prince, or high-stepped dame,
Thro' their days of toiling slumber,
The rule of life, belike the same,
Their deeds, its countless meshes number.

A fabric wide, that floats afar,
From end to end 'mid space that bears,
Bright shadows of the earth and star,
And human joys, and pains, and cares.

A web that shines with purest gold,
With parts as dull as dullest shame,
Whilst the mystic lights unfold,
Bright honour, or a sottish fame.

Yet well I know, the path lies clear,
To add a glittering mesh and more,
Each man that toils with love and care,
Fast adds to this fair shining store.

So silver thoughts, like silver threads,
Run thro' the shimmering light,
And as the gorgeous fabric spreads,
Behold ! the skilled designer's might !

Each shining thread, a stately thought,
Man's work, one shadowing mesh,
As o'er the loom all unsought,
In variant hues, life streams afresh.

Yet fast and quick the web floats on,
In its sure and ceaseless flight,
And faster, quicker, to meet each morn,
And swifter than swift rays of light.

That divine architect unseen,
Hath set the loom that spotless gleams,
Then think what mesh thou wilt work between,
This lustrous fabric, that endless streams.

High thoughts, brave deeds, proud equal stand,
Become the prince or peasant's fame,
Each valiant hand can flash a brand,
Comrades, for what is in a name !

THE KINGSHIP OF CHRIST

I

How fair the day, how calm the night,
Dear Christ, dear, dear Child of Light !
Far o'er the gleaming waters wide,
And o'er the mountain's purple side,
From realm to realm, from shore to shore,
Thy banners float O Christ, for ever mo'.

II

In thee, hadst all thy victor might,
Extended far the rays of Light,
And spreading wide, those beams around,
Didst make our hearts with joy abound,
And framed us in thy wisdom meet,
A princely Kingdom, joyous, sweet.

III

One Shepherd to one flock, dear Lord,
Thou art our Shepherd and our God !
Thy sway we bide of mellowed love,
Enkindled from the heavens above,
And by the links of prayer bound,
Thy praise we chant, dear Christ, aloud!

IV

O Christ ! O Cherub of the dawn,
Thou maker of the night and morn,

Thou in whom thy Father's might,
Subdues the wrong, and aids the right,
To thee we pray, hear us O Lord !
Hear us O Prince, our only God !

V

When round our hearts dire echoes rise,
Of civic broil or discordant sighs,
And dismal wailings pall the ear,
With clamours loud and boding fear,
Save us O Lord, from hostile bands,
Tho' scattered far in distant lands !

VI

When frightful anguish rends our soul,
Or despair clouds our destined goal,
Be thou our beacon dear our Lord,
And speed us to a safe abode,
That we may sheltered rest with thee,
For ever and ever, eternally !

THE CARNIVAL

[A poem addressed to the Spirit of Mirth]

Out in the 'aeroplane,'
Entwined beneath the sky,
Alone with the stars, and the moon on the wane,
Alone—and thou and I—.

The Carnival

Oceans of love in me,
Listen to thy wakening breath,
Oceans of love I bear for thee,
Violent, more violent than death.

Alone! ah alone did I say?
Not so—far, far and around—
The feet of the merry dancers sway,
A whirl that shakes the ground!

The riot and the revelry,
Spreading far, far breaks away:
Away, again, in noisome glee,
The sullen gamesters play!

Careless of life, there they go,
Round, around the 'Merry-go-round':
The breathless crowd heave to and fro,
All full of mirth is the sound!

But within me, what voice doth rate,
No joy to me, no merriment:
All too untimely the hand of Fate,
Hath pierced my soul and rent.

Ah! the cruel hand of Fate,
Hath chilled my warmer youth:
No voice for me, or early or late,
But the voice of misery in sooth.

What is Honour or Fame to me,
I live in hopes—on air—,
In sooth each vision doth faster flee,
To leave me in deeper care.

Full of grief and pain I reel,
'Mid the noise of the Carnival:

Each sound of mirth doth faster seal,
With seals of care, the cruel spell !

Not for me is Mirth again,
Life hath no joys for me :
Youthful cares and endless pain,
My carnival of life, must be !

I walk, I eat, I move,
A living corpse I flee :
Heedless of pain, yet still I rove,
A stronger fate hath burdened me.

Ah ! Spirit of radiance and of love !
No longer with thee can I bide :
Away from mirth, or joys from above,
Away from the world, I will hide.

Ah ! I will speed to spots more lone,
I will not burden thee :
I will flee to where I am unknown,
And live in misery free !

Away, away from thee, will I kneel,
Alone did I say ? ah, yes ! alone !
Tho' it's a warmer thought, to know, to feel,
There's somebody loves you as her own !

THE HEART'S MELODY

There is music in the air,
There is music everywhere !
Hark ! now I hear it, there !
Ding-dong ! ding-dong !
The bells chime out to me,

The Heart's Melody

" Ding—dong ! "

Over across the sea.

Pray, was that the cowbells' joyful ring,
Beside the spring,
Where the lush grass their tall shadows fling,
That the winds home gently bring ?
Or is it the merry peal,
Of the winsome teal,
Beneath the forest glades,
Where the morn in amber weaves,
Glistening robes with purple leaves,
Silver threads a-running thro' the sheaves ?

Heardst that murmur now,
The slow spreading of the leaf,
The swift flutter of the bee,
Mid the rustling sheaf ?
Or the spouting of the rose,
The opening of the bud ?
Didst hear the quick brush,
Of Love's tender wing,
Across my heart ?

O ! the heart's soft whisper,
When 'tis budding new,
Or the silken rush,
Of wings,
When Love his music brings,
They ring,
The sweetest melody,
To ME !

MY ISABEL

Now pray you sweet my song attend,
This happy morn of love;
When, low the scented blossoms bend,
Their dainty wreaths from bove.

I see thee clad in garlands rare,
Bright lights about thee shine,
The lily lone upon thy hair,
Sweet love, I wish were mine.

Yet not for the lily on thy hair,
The bright lights in thine eye,
No, not for these tho' pleasures rare,
To have thee now I sigh.

This day many a day long past,
Fair one, I saw thee then,
'Mid Flora's gems in virtue cast,
Loved blossom of the glen.

Like un-sunned snow thy bosom shone,
So pure and spotless white,
Scarce could the winds in sorrow moan,
But leave there traces light.

O! how unlike the maids I knew,
Wert thou my Isabel!
Both innocence and mirth in you,
Did teach my heart to swell!

No coquette smile did lure thy lip,
Nor the wiles of classic lore,
That raise the cup for men to sip,
To taste of joy no more.

My Isabel

But when thou smiled all Nature too,
In blissful silence joyed :
Then first I learnt thy love to sue,
And with thy tresses toyed.

Dear heart ! what pleasures then I knew,
Thy form did me delight :
Each instant brought me joys anew,
Thy love was then my light.

To thee my heart was fondly bound,
By silken bonds of love,
Thy beauty sheathed my soul around,
And nursed my thoughts I trow.

And so I felt and thus I thought,
Each day did brighter beam,
In thee I found all pleasures wrought,
Thy love did fonder seem.

But then a day did come, sad fraught,
With mishap to my lore :
One morn I missed thee, unhappy lot !
With pain my heart was sore.

No more to me did the flowers bring,
Such bliss as when with thee :
Sad thoughts did now my bosom wring,
The roses frightened me.

And so I pined, no joy so rare,
But all was strangely dead :
No pleasures now for me were there,
But they with thee were fled.

List then, dear love, what joy is mine,
Thy form once more to view,

To see thee blooming fairer, fine,
The flowers thy footsteps strew.

No, no, I dread me still to think,
Thou a vision only art,
I long in yours my arm to link,
O stay! and do not start.

Stay yet awhile amid these hills,
My love, and cheerful be :
I'll speed me hence to yonder rills,
To gather pearls for thee.

I'll make for thee a bed of roses,
The violets will be thy stay,
Sweet daffodils and primroses,
Shall hearken to my lay.

Nor cease to sing thy praise aloud,
But with the ivy green,
I'll deck thy brows : a virgin proud,
So thou shalt reign my queen.

THE POET'S LAMENT

What charms in maiden blushes dwell,
Speak Cynthia, thou goddess of the dell,
Where in thy garments wrought in gold,
And many a maze of crisped fold,
Speckled with stars, thy handmaids they,
Say when thou dost kiss the dying day,
What joys, what sorrows thou dost feel ?
I wot not, but thou canst surely heal,
The toil-worn Shepherd with anguished heart,

The Poet's Lament

Who views thee in thy glory, part
The fleecy cloud, bright, ebon-tipped :
As with breath e'er moist dew-lipped,
The sleeping flowerets thou dost kiss,
And wake them with a rapturous bliss,
To bear the weight of crystal drops,
Imbosomed on their glowing tops,
Where-of the bee with moistened wing,
Oft feeds, and in delight doth sing !

Say Cynthia, how oft with golden horn,
Thou dost awake the slumbering Morn,
To robe his sides with crimson fold,
And meet thee on the hill-tops old ;
Or undo his silver-streaming shoon,
To lie with thee in a radiant swoon ;
Or with a louder ringing peal,
Doth charm the watchful Nightingale,
To swell his bosom with prisoned lays,
To sing another he but stays,
And weep the whole night long,
With sleepless hours, in piteous song,
As thou in thy clouded sphere doth move,
Bright-visaged, and e'er a lover prove !

O thou goddess bright and free,
Speak, holdst thou n'er a charm for me !
I'll be the floweret, the youngling Morn,
The Nightingale, faint and love-lorn ;
O Cynthia, thou the radiant queen,
Of virgins here in beauty seen,
Less chaste than thou in thy crystal sphere,
They wield their sway o'er mortals here,
They thy votaress', e'er full of charm,

Less harmful tho' n'er meaning harm ;
Speak Cynthia, wilt thou be harder, hard,
To poet young, or frenzied bard ?

ODE TO ETERNITY

I

As when the hoary Winter passes,
O'er hill and grove, o'er brake and wood,
And folds them all in spectred masses,
So dark and drear, in darkling shroud :

O then I call on thee, sweet Spring,
To bring with thee, the glistening ring,
Of sun-kissed flowers, as they sing,
And thou comest, O sweet, sweet Spring !

To deck the earth with beauties seen,
Not alone of earth, but heaven's being !

II

So when the vernal years are flowing,
O'er my youthful heart and brain,
Such passions breed, fast mellowing,
That love alone might ease the pain :

O then I call on thee, sweet Love,
And all thy train of nymphs that rove,
By shady hill, by copse and cove,
And thou comest, O sweet, sweet Love !

The Phantom

To trip with me upon the green,
And sing aloud a wilder paeon !

III

Now when the hoary frost is falling,
And dead leaves lie scattered far,
Alas ! I hear the Winter calling,
My thoughts like dead leaves crumbled are :

O then I call on thee, Eternity,
To ease my soul from its prisoned cell,
To bear with me my hopes, my knell,
O come ! come soon, dread Eternity !

SOON ! lest my thoughts in mouldering, cling
To earth, and meet not the Eternal Spring !

THE PHANTOM

Come away my brothers, come let us haste,
The sun is on the lea :
Our youths are fresh, and the air so chaste,
The morn doth leap in glee.

Away ! come away my brothers, on to the fight,
From gloomy thoughts let's fly :
I dreamt my brothers of a maid last night,
My brothers, and she seemed shy.

Come away my brothers, O come with me,
The maid was ribbed in white :
That was no maid my brothers, O not she
Though she was wreathed in light.

Away, come my brothers, come to the green hills,
 Her red-red lips still haunt me :
 Come away my brothers, come to the blue rills,
 Her half-lit smiles still charm me.

Come away my brothers, come fresh and fine,
 She was a wreathed phantasy :
 Now my brothers, now no peace is mine,
 But a brooding misery.

Away ! come away my brothers, come with scorn,
 From womanish guiles let's flee :
 While the earth hath wars, and the fields have corn,
 There are ampler deeds for you and me !

THE DEVIL'S NIGHTMARE

[Scene Hell. Satan asleep on a bed of molten iron. Enter Beelzebub leading in chains a false Patriot, a Secretary, and a dispossessed King. Attendants Zubitzu, Oliphant, and other devils. Beelzebub calls out to his Lord.]

Satan. *[Starting up]*. Whoo-a-a ! Whoa-o-o ! out ! out !
 Ye demons thoughtless ! be it for this I saved ye,
 False hireling knaves, to hiss into my ears
 Your two-fold stench of snake, of devil, both,
 Nor ' bate one only moment's rest or quiet' ?
 Eh, is it thus you serve your Lord ? Ho ! Ho !
 What ponderous gloom illumines my sight :
 This fire burns hot indeed. Ah ! guilt hath no
 Retrieving, but what self-imposed penance
 Yields ; no abatement ! for that I dare not hope :
 God's tyranny, not law, alas is else.
 Speak slave.

Beelzebub. Sire, by thy great exalted presence—

Satan. Exalted ! what dost mock me, devil, vermin ?

Fallen, distorted, huge mis-shapen phantom,

Call me : those stars that shone upon my brow

Have faded : my very countenance begrimed

With smoke, or deep entrenched with the thunder :

The meanest cherub that darkened before my frown,

Doth now far surpass me in glory. Oh woe

Is me—Great Beelzebub ! what, is it thou

My compeer bold ? I sorely grieve, rash words

Unmeant had escaped me : thy giant tread

Unheard, so sweet my slumber. How hast thou fared ?

[Satan walks up to his throne, a rock of asphalt and burning adamant, followed by the rest.]

Beelzebub. Sire, by your leave and high permission,

Your dread commands in dire haste, have I

Fulfilled. Lo ! here before your presence stand,

The knave you so dislike, your rival sole

To this great hierarchy, whom we of late,

Have well attempted : of free-will fallen,

So God's high law expiates our power

O'er man. Here have we him fast bound in chains,

And triple bonds, the dog doth howl and cry

You mercy.

[Dumb Show]

Satan. Mercy ! what mercy is in hell ?

For already the icy streams o'erflow

Their bounds : and sulphurous flames mount higher still,

Impatient of delay ; the fierce hell-hounds

Nigh maddened in their red-hot cells of iron,

Loll out their parched tongues ; hells vaults resound,

And sound again ; this vaulted canopy

Our sky, bestudded thick with carbuncles

Of fire, now red, now yellow, now baleful blue,
 Or uphung with cressets great, of purple flame,
 Or fretted deep, or paved with glowing sulphur,
 Or molten brimstone ; e'en so, shifting, ceaseless,
 Will I God's high design frustrate, and blur,
 With shadows of the truth. Mercy ! talk not
 Of mercy. No an equitable law
 I hold. Speak Beelzebub, comes he within
 The purview of my just decree ?

Beelzebub.

He doth.

Oliphant. I saw him whistle to a humming wheel,
 A withered beldam's, lest he should toil, the drone.

Satan. Stand forth fat rogue, of late about thee many
 A grievance have I had. Traitor, what
 Vile greed or selfish bane enticed thee
 To barter human lives, their defender
 Thou ? Knave most profligate, still dost thou smile,
 Still hop'st to beguile thy trustful followers ?
 For this was man o'er demons elevate ?
 Thou second Judas ! say how attained, or where
 Lies hid the silver. Speak slave.

Patriot.

I have not Sire,

O thou great master of my craft, I have
 Not taken any silver, but a name.

Satan. A name ? what Politician ? honor,
 Or cheap notoriety, which—speak !

Patriot.

I have

Full often posed a deity, still fed,
 Still gloated o'er unearned wealth : meanwhile,
 To them I held the promise of a realm,
 Apart, yet in that kingdom vast, with lore
 Of ancient kings enriched, and braced around,
 By ocean gales, and winds ceaseless : so sought

Was I on every side, an Apollo
 To men and women. Alas was I then,
 In weaker human channels flung, of crime,
 As to my guile, an easy prey, each fell,
 The friendless youth, the gloating maid, each fool,
 All that to me raiséd tired eyes ; then if
 To bed with doltish wives be wrong,
 That alas have I done, and sistered them
 The while ; 'tis not my guilt alone, many
 A fair exterior, doth enclose a foul
 Sepulchre : for such is now the ways of men ;
 Incessant greed, discordant, spiteful bane,
 Want pleading want, as beggary still
 With beggary contends : so all doth end
 In strife, to profit knaves. I do before
 Your august presence my crimes unfold, but plead
 A blistered liver, as overweak to bear
 The pains of hell.

Satan. Liver, leucopenia, what ?
 Nay blistered too ! ha ! sure by drink, and worse :
 Excess of it ! Beelzebub, summon
 Before me to appease his pain, our great
 Court Doctor : then let him doctor his liver bad,
 Forthwith, with smouldering brands, then jagged iron,
 And sulphur from the molten lake ; then forth
 Into dark vaults see that thou hurry him.
 The knave hath profited o'er much methinks,
 Of our vast bounty. See to it thyself,
 Hot iron for lechery ; enough dry ale,
 If he be thirsty.

Patriot. O I pray thee Sire,

Yet since to forgive is divine, nay more,
 To forget, diviner, do thou great Lord,

Forget my wrongs, forgive me my guilt.

Satan. What, I forget ? Forget thy many crimes,
My great success ! knave, dost account my brain
Bewitched, that hath conspired to overthrow
The Creator ? Why villain, seekest thou
To outdo me ? Yet, since thy mind discerns
My power, I may forget, but not forgive
Thee. Know that in our empire vast, we hold
An equitable law to all. God's law
Is mine, and so above the earth's. Avaunt !
Hot iron O Beelzebub, and ale.

[*Exit Beelzebub and Patriot.*]

Already

I hear the blue-fanged serpents hiss with pain,
Their writhing coils uncoil in caverns dark,
Or mouldy, or in vaporous fumes pent up,
Or slush or poison. Oh from this flame
Involved sepulchre of restless minds,
Who e'er escapes ! Not he who comes within !
Ah ! a second ? Speak slave what is thy name ?
Nay, never mind base felon, 'tis enough
I know thy mien ; say, art thou not that all
Too servile instrument of infamous men,
Or Committees, or Assemblies, or Boards ?
Secretary. I am he.

Satan. Him they call secretary ?
Do they ? Senates, Boards, Committees !
Have we not enough had of these also ?
Why, sure thou dost outdo my craft or skill
In selection. Ah ! see you not he hath the W's
Engraven white upon his brow. Speak vermin,
What mad fancy is this ?

[*Re-enter Beelzebub.*]

The Devil's Nightmare

Beelzebub. No mad fancy,
 'Tis his own doing and by slow patience wrought,
 And time ; and so great Sire, God's grim decree,
 Doth expiate our part. [Dumb Show.]

Secretary, O Sire, my crime,
 If crime be it, is that unworthy all
 My office rites to hold, I was enforced
 To work for evil minds their base designs ;
 To aggrandise themselves not serve the state,
 By statutes framéd to each varying hour,
 Or by their greed excessive, abhorred,
 To draw a pestilence upon mankind,
 In seeming guise of arbiters of strifes,
 Or jealous feuds ; but ever intent on
 Inhuman selfish ends, their minds alert,
 Do treachery by treachery assail,
 And so debase the name of Justice, Law.
 Hence I, of self-conceit or profiting
 Thereby, to evil passions lent my aid :
 Abetted wrong, aggrieved the innocent,
 And swelled in crime. In confidence had I
 Been placed ; if wine should tempt me to forsake
 The truth, or talent or merit to despise,
 Or wisdom allow to perish in the dust,
 Or if bright gold or else—some Cressid false,
should so pervert
 My judgment, alas I am a mortal but,
 And weak, and weaker to resist the world ;
 Besides, brief is my office.

Satan. Brief ? be thou brief
 My Beelzebub with him ; I heartily
 Am shamed that men outrival devils in crime.

Free-will, free-thought, the vast all-conquering mind,
Hath been debased ; but we yet supreme still,
And that our greater glory ! The knave in sooth
Repents. [*Aside to Beelzebub.*] In part are we beholden to him :
For know had he been just, we less had had
In our deep dens : our very Empire should
Soon cease, and we ourselves bondslaves be,
For e'er. [*Louder*]. Go Beelzebub, see thou to it,
But he be warmed on our gridirons first,
Then straight into the icy stream be plunged,
So he be well attempered to suit our taste ;
And thrice in yonder minarets of fire
Do worship, so he be purged of human dross,
Then officed forthwith my under-Secretary :
He needs more training. Zubitzu ! O thou
False apostate ! See thou he bears my files :
Conducts my business with due integrity,
And honesty, and probity, discreteness :
And all that is becoming my princely sway ;
So shall our wisdom soar o'er man's, thence God's,
Nor our great kingdom wax inferior to heaven,
Nor my power weaker diminish, before my foe's,
Whom in harmonious discord, we hate. Hence.

[Exit Zubitzu and Secretary]

○ Beelzebub hast more?

Beelzebub. Yea, this the third :
He seemeth much in anguish, being done
Out of his realm by bands of men he bred,
Or reared ; nought in hate, but all in love,
So it is said. [*Dumb Show.*]

Satan. Go pen him up, his trial
We adjourn; against the morning light

Must he be judged, in solemn conclave when we
Do meet. But haste, snatch first from off his brow
That gilded wreath, the sight doth abhor me :
For know, that once I did behold a crown
In streaks of blood, a fiery wreath upon
A pale form of a Man : naked as day,
As Truth : of corded thorn, or reeds, or weeds,
Or nightshade woven, whom I dare name not,
But ye know Him : at sight of which I shuddered
And howling fled ; the mountains trembled, the clouds
Did rush together in affright or awe :
Great lightnings pierced the earth, the thunders rolled
From their dark abyss through the deep : the earth
In lamentations wailed, whilst the bright sky
Was overcast, and rain in torrents poured,
And midnight fell upon the noon of day,
Then deathly calm, and earth was lost in heaven
In utter darkness : one bitter scene alas,
Of agony round Him Exalt ! Since then,
That crown hath been adored, thence been a sign
To man of safety. So do I abhor,
To meet that shape, though wreathed upon the head
Of men, and so defunct of virtue on
Base heads. O haste, away ! *[Exit Beelzebub and King.]*

This copper sky,
Flares hot, and the asphaltic rock whereon
I sit, my throne, galls me : the flaming sparks
Around, quite blister my poor eye : the fumes,
The scorching vapours beat against my brow :
The molten marle beneath, bewilders all sense :
Within this seething furnace, O how have I
Been plunged ! nigh am I choked with the foul stench,
Above, beneath, around ! [*Re-enter Beelzebub.*] Speak Beelzebub.

Beelzebub. O mighty potentate, my Lord, in that
Gay busy world which I did late explore,
Knaves many have I found, but busy work
As I have had, more could not I before
Thee bring ! but ere the term end, many here
Unto this august tribunal will I
Yet summon ; all hypocrites in office who
Corrupt a kingdom. Rejoice great Lord, your slaves
Are busy.

Satan. Go Beelzebub, O haste, I see
Thou art outworn : stern warrior, mighty cherub,
Depart in peace. See ! hell's fires burn again,
And darkness grows anew with return
Of morn ; so all is here the fair reverse
Of heav'n, of earth, and so our power vast,
Unmatched ; for know, revenge brooks not dismay,
Nor submission, but still to bear our pain.
But need we call that pain, if we could still
Through these unintermittent woes, our fell
Adversary overthrow ? or our great might
And supreme dominance establish ? the price,
Our inestimable glory on earth, in hell,
In heaven, doth dwindle into nothingness
Our sometime evil. Great Beelzebub, depart.

[*Exit Beelzebub*]

Poor fool ! sore am I aggrieved by thy mien,
Thy faith, for little doth thy eye perceive
My agony ; I must again to bed.
Ah well know I as He in heaven, Justice
On earth, in hell, demands a faultless hand,
Lest I myself, proclaim myself worthless,
Unworthy all my realm to rule, and so
Forego my right, the trust in me reposed

By them ; but more enforced by me, by love
Inclined, for I their bulwark against heaven's fires,
Undaunted stood ; they know and must obey.
A million demons thus I train to stoop
Unto my will, and that by might, thence law
Established ; but law it only is, the while
My people me acclaim their chief, and that
By common consent, and free-will ; not forced.
I must be wise, for if they but demur,
As they must, if but I my state despise,
Then will my power cease, and thence my sway ;
Of free-assent though ill-advised, is Law
By heaven framed, and thence by me in hell ;
As He in heaven, so I by service am
Repaid in hell. I must again to bed.
For such as I rest cometh when I do work,
My judgments, as of late I did ; the meed
Of my vast ambition, which who hath not,
Though called in heaven crime, and basely too ?
For though ye may the body fetter with
Great chains, yet will the vaulting mind outbear
All yoke : a formless spirit sense, who can,
In bonds enfetter ! Can God Himself ! Yet doth
That fight still whirl within my brain, which I
Of late encountered, my greatest ; my nerves unsoothed
From that too frightful fall. Ah ! well do I
Remember that one fall irrevocable !
My unmatched pride, great Christ's avenging arm,
The fiery chariot lit with flaming stars,
The dreaded thunderbolt, the red lightning,
The crystal battlements of heaven, the vast
Immeasurable void ! the seething gulf,
This fiery pit of Hell ! Yet must I still
In honor, or in semblance of my might,

His might oppose, and God's great handiwork,
Unwork ; and spite by spite repay, or toil
By toil. Ho ! Beelzebub ! [*Re-enter Beelzebub.*]

I had well nigh

Forgot. Go write these judgments down with brands
Of fire, on yonder slabs of adamant,
Beside the burning pool : that so my vast
Empire run not into slow decay.

[*Exit Beelzebub*]

[Satan returns to his couch and looks at Sin in the form of a beautiful woman armed with a spear, asleep on it.]

O thou bright soul, sweet relic of my fame
That was ! sweet daughter, loved paramour ! O thou
The prodigy of my own teeming brain,
Wherefrom thou sprang all-armed, my offspring dear
In heaven, whilst I in great convulsions writhed,
When first I did conceive against high God,
My proud design ! ah, thou the prouder worth,
Of my unrivalled existence ! for thee,
That paradise of glory I forsook,
And all celestial joys, baseless : yea,
All unrelished by me, more to thy form
Inclined ; O woman divine ! thou for whom
I changed a hell for heaven, thou art my bliss,
My joy, the refuge of my fears, my mate
Happily wedded by my guilt and so
Etern my bride ! O thou, loved partner of
My woe, or else the bounteous fountain, of
My sole delight ! now will I kiss thee, for
This kingdom of my choosing will I rule,
Though hell itself, yet to be free is something !

[*Satan kisses her and retires to sleep.*]

[Enter Death with gibbet and halters in his hands].

Satan. O dread phantom of life, dear Death ! go whet
Thy greedy maw awhile : so in thy wide
Womb uncreate, shalt end all good, all ill. Ho hence, away !
[Exit Death into the shadowy archway.]

FIRST DUMB SHOW : Mob Oratory.

SECOND DUMB SHOW : A Bribery Scene.

THIRD DUMB SHOW : A Tyrant's Court.

THE STAR GAZER

Often have I seen in town,
Squatting by the busy way,
A man you'd call white or brown,
In the faint heat of the day.
Bare the head that call we his,
Few the chattels by his side,
You would marvel for what bliss,
Stares he, with those eyes so wide.
Not for raiment : he hath no need,
Not in tatters, but in whole ;
Not for gold : he hath his meed,
Apples, milk, in either bowl.
'Tis no wonder if he were,
Mighty sage, or mighty seer :
Even children from the fair,
Lisp their thanks into his ear.
Yea, but why that steadfast gaze,
Into airy nothingness ?
Why like fire his eye ablaze,
If a something lights that wildness ?

Methinks he hath known from far,
A star's fall'n, a star doth rise :
He is looking for the star,
He is waiting for its rise !

A TALE OF GREEK LIBERTY
OR
PHEIDIPPIDES THE RUNNER

So Darius the bold, of ancient might,
To whom of old, the aged seers upreared
Proud hymns, whilst o'er their piles of sacred lore,
With withered strength, they bent their toiling hands,
And so writ 'Great' upon : or to whom,
Ignoble Fame, her glorious scroll unfurled,
That with the deeds of his sole prowess shone
Resplendent : but mouldy grown or crumbled now :
Or blasted and sunk into the dismal shades,
Of the fast-swelling gulf of oblivion,
E'en as the dust of pride, of beastly strength
And might, or greed, whence they were formed ; so flee
The clouds of gathering darkness, before the light
Of the bright morning star, so vanished now !
Yea Darius, he the Conqueror,
Girt with the pride of Persian bow and spear,
His hundred legions, and his chivalry,
With rush of plume, and wave of banner high,
On conquest bound, or pillage, spread beneath
The gates of Athens raging : and like a sea
Tumultuous, with her rolling billows, surged

Amain thundering : till her battering roar,
Aroused with dreadful din the solemn city,
Calm in her slumber with her stately halls.
The foreign foe demanded submission,
To yield the city and her gold, the meed
Of conquest to their mighty conqueror ;
Or to visit his wrath with brands of fire
From her own barns, until the conflagration
Rearéd against high heaven, her towering flame,
And burnt the topmost towers, and citadel.
To cinders and to ashes : yea, to dust :
Black heaps of scattered ash and smoke alone,
The remnants sole, when fall the works of man,
To witness where proud Athens stood defiled :
A sign to men of shame, of lordly might,
And dominance. The city fathers haste
Unto the market-place, flared by the light
Of gloomy torches : and with sounds of woe
On either side, whereto the anxious crowd
In breathless confluence, did flock apace,
Muttering—" Shall we yield, or shall we die ?—"
Forth then there stepped an old and reverend sire,
His silver locks across his shoulders, hung
Majestic : as with a voice calm as the breath
Of winds upon a rolling mere, he lulled
To stillness, the fast-growing multitude
Of sounds ; then the aged sire bowed low,
And with a shout that enforced reverence,
Bespoke—" Many a sun hath set, ere this
Gray head turned gray, or this old form stooped low
To age : but never yet hath man bowed me,
To will against my will. For lo ! the wise
All-knowing Providence that rules the world,
Hath set a peaceful lot, and equal rights

To all : or less, or more, or even as
With free-will each doth yield unto his lord,
Or neighbour, not enforced. Know then, we will
Not yield to Persia ! We have children, we
Have wives, the Persian foe but flock apace,
To flee : so will we sweep the banded hordes
Of demons from our walls, and so rout them
That scarce the hungry eagles of our land
Shall glut their fill upon the carrion band !
No ! we have tilled our lands, and we will eat
The grain, not theirs, but ours : Oh ! never shall
We yield our women to the grisly wolves
Of tyrant power and beastly dominance !
No ! we will break the cowardly Persian bow,
We will be barbarous to a barbarous foe,
The mal-doers of human order ! then talk
No more of yielding : ere we stoop our necks
To the proud Persian yoke, our heads must first
Stoop low unto our graves ! Next God's, ours be
The right to judge what best makes for ourselves !
O better far, an honourable foe,
Than any weak ally : no, we will send
To Sparta to yield us from the foe, we will
Be free ! true honour, lieth only in
Grim death or liberty !"—thus ended he.
Then forthwith straight the men conversed with
Pheidippides the youth, the swiftest runner
In Athens : he whose feet wingèd like
A God's, trod not the ground, so fast he ran.
" Haste Pheidippides ! tell our brothers, that
The Persian warriors mock us with their bows :
That if we fall, Sparta next in turn,
Must yield unto the alien yoke : bid them
In haste their numbers send, lest overpowered

By multitudes of cowards we fall : bid them
Shield us as friend to friend, and we will make
Good return of our grain, so our free hearths
Be not defiled. Haste Pheidippides ! haste,
Our lives hang on your speed or your delay,
Haste !” Then Pheidippides, the swiftest runner
The Grecian youths among, fast through the gloom
Shot like an arrow, the eager messenger
Of freedom, to his distant kinsmen spread
On Sparta’s land. The youth stayed not, nor paused,
The anxious minutes winged, his winged feet :
As fast he sped o’er hill and down the dale,
Nor stopped for stream or meadow : urged with hope,
This messenger of freedom flashed like fire
Into the darkness, and all aflame to quell
The murderous hordes, until he paused within
The meeting-place : the Spartan heroes throng
Around the panting youth. Then Pheidippides—
“The Persians ! haste my brothers, O save us from
The foreign whelp, we die !”—Anon, there spread
Among the throng a whisper as of dull
Or easy complaisance—“No, not till
The new-moon : no we dare not embark on
A distant campaign, no we dare not, till
That auspicious dawn ; go tell your fathers, we
Wait but for the new-moon.”—Pheidippides
A moment paused : the youthful brow ran flushed
With scorn and rage, for on such dismal mock
He scarce had counted ; then with a voice hoarse
For grief—“My brothers, we are kinsmen, we
Are men, wilt thou yield us to the foe ?”—
But they laughing answered—“Nay, not till
The new-moon, no !”—The valiant youth bespoke
No second word, but back in sore disdain,

Full fast he sped unto his distant plain,
And back again like fire, did dart and speed
Into the growing faintness of the dawn :
Till weary for dire thirst, he paused beside
The rippling waters of a mountain stream,
Whose gentle sounds were as the gathering hum
Of distant friends, and for sheer weariness
He swooned. But soon a vision burst upon
His dreamy brain—a great sage figure, all
Of gentle mien, and proudly winning smile,
Too good for human form—" 'Tis the great
God Pan !"—said he : nor dared for all his might
To turn his eye, for fear to see the God,
With form, and figure, as of mortal man
Above the waist : below, the shaggy hair
And cloven feet of goat. But from his seat
Among the craggy cliffs, and mountain slopes,
The stranger bade the youth be calm—" Bold youth
Take comfort, this I bid thee : speed back unto
Thy home : know of thy people how they dare,
No more of sacrifice to make to me,
Or how they seek me no longer in their woe :
Go, bid them forthwith honor me again
With sacrifices ; as for the Persian foe,
No longer shall they fright ye with their bows.
Bid them do this ; as for thee brave youth,
I will not fail but grant a greater joy,
In token of your worthiness !"—The youth
Arose and paused upon the words, then fled
In haste ; the distant prospect of the rich land,
Did gleam upon him, as of the open heath,
The sea, the storm, the freely-blowing wind ;
For his free feet took in the freshness of
The plain, as of everything, whereon

Loved Nature breathed in freedom ; his young heart,
On fire with the new joy, he fled so straight
And fast, and faster yet, until for breath
Panting, he paused among his fellow-men,
Bade them anon adore the great God Pan,
With solemn rites and ample sacrifice ;
And so in ordered ranks, the Grecian met
With measured tread and beat of drums and shouts,
And hearts composed, and on victory bent,
The swollen bands of faméd Darius.
Then in the dreadful conflict, the native bands
Of native warriors, spurred with native might,
Fathers for their children, husbands for wives,
Fought with the rage born of freedom's cause.
A shower of living strength upon them came,
Known to the few, the few but to the brave,
And loud and long the battle raged and far,
Like Gods not men, they fought ; so fierce they thrust
The spear, the broken spear-shaft springing back,
Struck death into the neighbour's breast : as rent
And pierced the mailed corselet flew apart ;
The sword of glittering steel fast flashed and spread
Around, in ever-wheeling circles, till
The blinding orbs of light with dazzling blaze,
Did scare the slayer and the slain, and urged
With fiery shafts the growing heat of day,
To light the scene of carnage, and renew
The slaughter : whilst the hot dust, more made hot
By blood and vapour from the reeking ground,
Rose through the clotted beds of ploughed-up earth,
And sand, and stone, and field, that rocked beneath
The raging fury of the mighty bands
Of warriors : as they slashed, and slew, and hewed,
And charged again through thicker clouds of dust,

And steaming breath, and froth, and shrieks, and yells,
As man on man that cruel massacre wrought.
Then lo ! far louder than the human cries,
Arose a dismal clang of wings and yells,
In short, sharp barks and piercing keenness set :
The cry of hungry eagles overhead,
As fast in ever-nearing circles, wheeled
The wingéd monsters through the sky, to feast
With greedy maw, and beak, and talon, on
The smoking pile of blood-rent human prey.
The while the roar of battle louder rose,
Than when a thousand fiery cherubims,
With flaming brand and glitt'ring shield do crash,
And strike, and fell, ten thousand phantoms through
The dark : and ponderous through the gloom still rage,
And hack and roar, in treble rout and fear,
And wild confusion. Then the alien men
Wheeled and in despair struck, yet not like men,
But less : yea, like a thousand famished wolves
On pillage bent or spoil ; they could not feel
The fire of truth, or the dear joy of men,
Who strike, themselves to free from servitude :
Yet still they struck, and hacked, and hewed, and bowed,
To stem with eager rage the rushing foe,
And lo ! the battle paused awhile, and stood
A painted scene, of red-blood, fumes and dust !
For right and wrong, aye since the world began,
In warring conflicts have ever plunged and torn
The human world : aye since that formless, black,
Infernal demon failed to overthrow
The seat of justice, from its empyrean height,
And himself damnéd fell with millions more,
Of damnéd spirits : arrayed in legions, a third
Of God's angelic hosts : hurled howling down

Forth from the crystal walls and battlements
Of heaven, in treble rout and shrieks and dire
Confusion : thence in despair to flee, and hate,
And plunge into the dismal realms of Chaos,
And uncreated Night, or deeper down
Within the fiery pit of Hell, to crouch
In fear. For such the power of the Son
Of Man whom he despised, and the might
Of the Creator whom he opposed with
Intent high, as with his frown he dared
To darken heaven ; whence he with legions spread
In expanse vast, and in grim battle sought
To fright the realms of light. Thus dared he
With countless legions of spirits to oppose,
For full three days and nights, and rage and lash
The spirits faithful with his brawl, and tempt
The might of the Creator. Then were huge hills
And monstrous lakes filled with their waters, torn
And flung in horrid uproar each at the other :
Or dread ; meanwhile the deadly foe Satan,
Nigh vanquished, from the buried ore did forge
The infernal canon, and so held his own,
Since when the scourge of men ; then on the third
Day, armed with his thunders and his might,
And the vast lightnings of the Father whom
He loved, with proud avenging arm, the Son
Obedient crashed ! the lightnings flashed around
Him, and the thunders roared still pursuing,
As from his burning chariot, he overthrew
Satan, till erst the mightiest prince that reigned
In heaven : and all his hosts ; and hurled them from
The crystal battlements into the pit
Of hell ; in sulphurous fumes to scorch and pine,
And fiery chains ; of linked suffering bound,

And lasting servitude. Thus for that sin
Of pride, the rebels fell deformed, else bright
Like flaming cherubims in heaven : so
That great blind seer hath sung. Yea, thence or since,
Satan malignant still, first from that pit,
By heaven's high permission alone, not his
Own might, this to himself unknown, hath flown,
Or crept forth from the horrid pitch and mire
Of darkness, even as a wingéd worm
To earth, on fell destruction bent, to tempt
The first of mankind from their allegiance,
Unto the lord of light : and thereby flout
God's purpose high ; thus Eve did erring fall,
And with her all mankind ; and Sin first crept
Into the world. Thence they more hopeful still,
The fiends, have since gone forth and spread on earth,
In diverse forms of bleating ox or ape :
Nay more, still to deface the image bright
Of their great maker, or wreak their spite, or hate,
Or malice, for the sin for which they fell,
And lure the souls of men away from heaven,
Have dared with falsehoods and with heresies
To league with men, and with still falser shows,
Them to entice to sin ; and sober garb
To take, of grimly-fawning patriot,
Or sceptred monarch, or hooded man of God ;
And all such hypocracies of earthly pomp,
Who since have rent the earth with pestilence,
And pride of law, and faith, and hoary creed :
Still as they smile, with greedy hand to snatch
The crumb of life from hungry orphan mouths :
Or from the proud ambitious youth, to tear
The plumes by which he soars : and still doth dare
To vaunt the truths of equity and love,

And brotherhood ; or some with ragged laws
Will yet proclaim God's providence on earth,
And heaven's outdare : as with regal pomp
They cloud the earth with darkness and with strife,
And spread the subtle net of grimy laws,
To bar the portals of dear life and joy,
From speechless tongues ; or yet, some worse than these,
With leering mouth, and hungry tooth and hood,
Still as they smile, and offer plenteous help,
No sheltering hand will yield, but still with help
Encumber th' rich, the needy they forsake !
Yea, all these variant forms the fiends inspire,
And strive with lash, and scourge, and pestilence,
Of musty laws and grimy faith, and creed,
In slav'ry etern to bind the sons of men,
For whom this glorious earth was framed,
And all the joyous treasures multiplied,
In brotherhood and huge concourse to dwell,
In worship free ; and in failing still
To overthrow the seat of justice, still
Unfettered roam, and treble damnation heap
On their own selves ; yea, such Darius was,
And such his men, like famished wolves that sought
To pillage and to ransack a people framed
In peace to dwell, and brotherhood and love.
Yea thus they warred, and thus the battle stood,
Until the mighty voice of Pheidippides,
Broke through the roaring tumult of the war :
In every vein the flowing blood stood still,
As death : the sword uplift in act to strike,
Suspended hung aloft in air, the air
Was mute ; the crash of armour, the clang of swords,
The sullen cries, the horrid yells of men,
The wounded and the dying, the hate, the dread,

In stillness died, before the godly voice
Of the young warrior ; each, with some unknown fear,
As of some portent to work good or ill,
Distraught or filled, in breathless anguish paused !
Then Pheidippides who seeméd more than man,
High o'er the piles of dead, reared his proud voice,
And o'er the living, the dying echoes back,
In dismal sounds re-echoed the voice :
The craggy cliffs took up each ringing peal,
Then wildly sounded—" We are men, not beasts,
Yea, beasts flee beasts, but men fight men ! " quoth he :
" My brothers we fight, but not to flee, we die,
For whilst we live, we live like men ! O strike
My brothers for the cause of liberty ! "—
Then like a swollen thunder, rocked within
The entrails of a portentous cloud, as when
In anguish labouring thence to be free,
It crashes headlong through the burdened sky,
And bursts in living flame and frights the earth,
With streaks of dazzling light, and very heavens
Swell with the deafening roar and din ; or like
A raging whirlwind in its impetuous flight,
Imprisoned by the gnarléd trunks and wood,
In breaking through the knotted oak, and trees
Of a vast forest, hurls down the thickened growth,
And foliage dense, and scatters them amain
In splintered shafts and beams and boughs ; or like
A flooded torrent stemmed by craggy cliffs,
That bursting through the rocky wedges, spurn
Rough boulder, massy rock, and frowning cliff,
And lash them to the plain : the Grecian host
Livid with rage and bold in conscience, crashed
Into the serried bands of dusky men,
And warriors of the Persian host ; the fierce

Uproar of battle raged, the cravens broke
And fled ; so flee the powers of darkness, when
Arrayed against the gods of light, they crash
In hate ; and on the Grecian warriors came
A shower of living strength as from the Gods,
And the great might of Pan, was on them all.
The great God Pan himself at hand, did strive
With them : but soon he melted fast into
A golden cloud, and the free sun set o'er
The scene of carnage, while the Grecian host
Of native warriors, with a deafening shout,
And a wild victorious cry that rent the air,
And pierced the clouded heaven's high canopy,
Exclaimed in joy—" Haste Pheidippides, haste,
Go tell our fathers we are free, the sons
Of liberty ! "—So Pheidippides, the youth,
In eager joy to serve the cause he loved,
Down flung the battered shield, the broken mail,
The smitten corselet, the bloody sword, the shirt
Of red, more red with clotted gore ; his own
Strong helmet beaten thin with many a sword,
Lay in a pool of blood drawn from his head.
Then the noble warrior, the valiant youth,
The deliverer of his kinsmen, urged
Again his weary limbs : the dying eye
Flashed forth with wonted joy : again he sped
But not like fire : not like the youth who fled
With wingéd feet ; his own tired limbs
Moved heavily, and fast he breathed and hard ;
Yet straight he sped and breathing hard, but still
The messenger of hope ; the hot blood trailed
Along his steps—" No dalliance ! "—yet he said,
" No dalliance with freedom, I must haste ! "
So on he ran with fearless pace and urged

Those dying limbs, until once more he stood
Amid the city fathers he loved well ;
The women and the blushing maids, old men
Too old to fight, and boys to young to wield
The crossbow or the sword ; his brow lit up
In speechless answer to the dying fire
Of vacant eyes, and forced a feeble smile ;
Then on him came again his wonted joy :
The fierce eye flashed and lit, the proud breast heaved,
He shouted to the throng—" My fathers, we
Are free, we die for Liberty !"—Then on
A sudden lo ! a faintness swayed his limbs,
His countenance bedimmed, as when the sun
In noontide glory crowned, is suddenly
By dark clouds enveloped : yet majestic still
In state he lay, like a young god pierced
With cruel swords, and rent, yet valiant still ;
Nor moved his swift limbs, alas swift no more ;
Their fire was out. The astounded crowd
Unknowing shouted—" No time for mockery this,
Rise Pheidippides, tell us about the war,
Of those who fell and how ; Pheidippides
Arise and tell us all, since more ye know—".
Thus ended they, and doubting stood ; awhile,
In grief intense, forgot the ancient faith
Their elders taught, of the empyrean,
Revealed by the Gods in glory crowned,
And muttered—" Why should Pheidippides die,
Our Gods dwell on the hills, nought lives beyond
This earth—." Yea, such the learned scientists now,
All unbelieving save what they touch or feel,
Or smell : disputing all things else beyond
The human sense, in philosophy vain !
O dull and sensuous human mind, that seeks

Through moulds of earthy clay, the higher sphere
Of thought and find it not ; but hopeful still
Doth deeper plunge into the dreary paths
Of this too busy world, still floundering !
Nor see the clear light of the soul around,
Nor hear its mournful whisperings within,
But needs to know, to believe, must touch,
Or see or feel ! Things sensuous, the sense
Doth know, but of the wanderings of the soul
Can any tell ? Canst doubt the presence of
The inessential air not piercèd by
The essential sword ? O grim mockery
Of human minds ! O weaker human man !
Bright shadows of the life etern are we,
Who float like rifts of cloud across the sky,
Before a raging wind, till blown apart,
And rent, the woven woof, or shining garb
Falls off, and in falling yet holds out
The presence of the unlingering soul !
O grimmest mockery of death ! O dull
And senseless illusion of fleeting life !
The noblest of the noble, lay before
Them slain, and still they knew not ! no, not till
They touched the speechless lips, the marble brow,
And felt the sweat of death, now colder grown,
When touched by warmer hands. Ah ! then in sooth
The truth broke clear upon their minds, they knew
That Pheidippides was dead indeed. The crowd
Of anxious gazers then with dismal moan,
And laments painful to the ear, around
The valiant youth, their many griefs attest :
Then the young maidens whispered each to each,
“ It is the gift of Pan, nobly he died,
With freedom’s name upon his lip : his is

A greater joy than ours : be ours the grief,
All glory his ! " The city fathers haste
Anon, while round them throng the warriors bold,
And heroes returned from the wars : and as
The dying sun sank low unto his rest,
And shades of gathering darkness closed, around
Him then a funeral pyre of pine, they reared,
And fragrant wood, and choicest, spice and wine,
And moaned aloud—" Pheidippides ! thou
A glorious path of life, hath shown to us,
For whilst we live, we live again like men,
We will live, o'er your mighty cause again !"
Then loud and long, the sounds of wailing grow,
And loud and long, the timbrels clash and ring,
And loud and long, the harps in music swell,
As mournfully the youthful dancers sway,
With songs and lament, round the warrior dead.
Then lo ! before the blazing torch was plied
To the huge pile of faggots, she that rose
The tallest and the fairest of them all,
Among that blushing throng of Grecian brides,
Arrayed in flowing robes of spotless white,
And countenance bedimmed with sighs and tears,
And long dark locks of smoothly flowing hair,
That o'er the marmoreal bosom rose
And fell superb, slow through the growing gloom,
Strode to the hero dead ; a weeping moon
In sooth she seemed, or of lovelier mien,
As glancing through the chastened veil of white,
Her glowing eye and face besmeared with tears,
In misty radiance shone : as when the moon
In regal splendour tremulous shines ; so all
Tremulous too she moved, and ere the shades
Of twilight closed around her ; then stooped

And swept aside her moistened veil, and smoothed
With gentle hands the blood-stained face, and bent
A wreath of freshly growing leaves across
His brow : " Rest Pheidippides, thou loved one rest,
Rest thou ever valiant, O Pheidippides, rest ! "—
She sighed, and weeping, shed warm tears upon
His marble brow and lips. Ah ! simple meed
Of victory ! Then unwilling, back she traced
Her listless feet unto the swaying throng :
And loud and long the youthful maidens wept,
And loud and long the timbrels clashed and rang,
And loud and long the harps in music swelled,
And loud and long the weeping dancers swayed,
And loud and long the gathering echoes wept,
And loud and long the men the vigil kept,
With hymns of praise and mournful orison,
As torch and brand burnt high, and burning, lit
The pyre : the eager flames raged far and wide
Into the night, a beacon light to men,
Of valour unstained, and the triumph of Love !

THE WILD FLOWER

[From Recollections of the Hill Palace, Cochin State]

As late, I wandered by
Quiet streets, and shaded city-walks—the sky
Soft-glowing with the sunset's crimson tide,
Did flood, with beams of mellow light, the wide
Landscape : so cast a golden mantle o'er
The ripening corn. While through each bed of clover,
And orange blossoms spread, and long lush grass,
Low-breathing Zephyrus did gently pass,

With subdued moan. A spirit urged my feet,
As my wild heart, respondent to each beat,
Slow-spied beside, each wand'ring bush and brake,
Unto a hillside—. Cold streams yet half awake
Went lipping by, or lulled to rest, the ranks
Of lily-heads that drooped across the banks,
And sighed with grief, at parting. O! the bliss
Of speechless love—! So hushed and quiet, the kiss
Of truth; so eloquent still: that fancy strove
To bind, each clump of woodbine and each cove—
Each dear delight of nature's realm, within
The folds of memory—. Yet still, to win
A soothing touch of nature's freshening charm,
And dream away my days of restless calm,
So strove I—; and with silent raptures too,
Low-leaned apace, beneath the crystal blue
Of heaven.

So steeped in living minstrelsey,
The soul, besought its tenements to flee,
And so dissolve, and melt into the air—.
Thus then I mused, and with my thoughts did bear
Converse sweet—so balmy, mild and low; when—Hark!
Was it the mournful carol of the lark!
Or the mute wailings of distressed love,
From the lone thrush on his bough amid the grove,
That broke my reverie—. Silent I list'n!
And lo! as doth the crescent moon new ris'n,
Flash back again, into a neighbouring cloud;
So past a rustling form beside, that bowed
Amid the herbage dark.

With fevered tread,
And eager eye, betwixt the grass I sped:
O joy! at a moss-grown fountain's seething side,

The Wild Flower

She stooped—a mortal! perhaps a heavenly bride!
Of superb beauty, draped in flowing white,
That shone resplendent through the fading light,
And stilled my thoughts in ravishment—such charm
She spread—so sure, could fright away all harm
From vilest hearts, and sober passions breed,
Of love, and reverence—chaste beauty's meed—
And all emotions pure.

Thus wondering mo',
I gazed in silence. But alas! what woe,
Did sit so heavy on her brow! what grief,
Did move her thus to tremble like a leaf!
Or what anguish, press'd her lucid eyes!
Two trembling stars within their azure skies,
To trickle down their drops of blushing dew,
Along her cheeks, damasked with olive hue!
So like a lily dashed with winter drops,
She seemed—yet charming—so painfully she props,
Her sylph-like form—! Methought, such grief, no less
On grief should feed—when palest woes distress
The mind, and silence lends her whispered sighs—
And may not disturbed be.

But now she tries
With intermittent moans, to reach and fill,
From the sparkling Fountain's side—nor spill,
The glowing drops that flushed her vessel's brim,
And showed the sky, and all the stars aswim,
Within its hold—. Sure! some Elixir
Of potent charms divine! Some noted seer,
Had sent her on a mission thus. But she
Had griefs untold, that scarce could suppressed be,
And spread in accents melodious and clear,
Yet hushed, and faint.

Then did the breathless air,
Back echo, to her plaints of anguish deep—
As dreams, scarce half-expressed in restless sleep !
“ He wakes ! the King, in yonder castle lies !
Of regal port—benevolent and wise—
With toil pressed, and anxious care,—so speed
I must ! the Great, the Good, have all the need
Of love, for love ! he wakes ! he wakes ! ” she sighed—
Then calmed her fears, and did, as lightly glide
Into the woods ; fast drawing in her wake,
A world of beauty by, that seemed to take
The charm, from off each woodland cliff around—
So sped her steps, with scarce a sound—!
Alas ! could beauty such sorrows have, I thought,
And to the fountain stepped—but strangely nought
Saw I— ; the weeds had closed on every side ;
But in a full acanthus’ cup beside,
There shone a pearled drop that fast dissolved
In light—reluctant to be resolved.

As through the mazy wanderings of the mind,
In vain, the stricken fancy seeks to find,
Some vision past—that flickers in the brain,
Then leaves a momentary trail—in vain
Sought I, this heav’n-inspired maiden’s flight,
And through the verdurous gloom of growing night
I sped—O where—! Yet all unconscious, she
Along her listless pace, in haste to flee,
Had strown so many a broken twig, a spray
Or more, that strove her charming form to stay—
To lend her slender footsteps room to speed,
A flower here, and there a broken reed—
These followed I—; and in the distance spied
A veiled figure pause, and turn aside

The Wild Flower

With anxious looks, beside a castle wall,
Then move, and fade into the brush-wood tall.
Here paused I—without—and in the silent air,
In deep amaze I stopped, to view the fair
Landscape.

A pile of massy buildings shone,
In stately structures, high and white, upon
The hilltop. While from within those mansions beamed,
A radiance bright, around, that scarcely seemed
Of mortal habitation—closer seen,
It nestled by the woods of faery green,
That stretch their tops in clusters high aloft,
Disdain the middle air with slender shaft ;
Or rear, in throngs, their gray and silver heads,
And shade their murmurous tales, upon the beds
Of mossy lawns. True realm of Eastern Prince
It seemed, from where, the stranger eye might wince
In awe.

Far stretched upon the green, the walls
They wound, to right and left, around the halls ;
And circled wide the trees, that lay within,
Their fold, like coral reefs, along the margin,
Of wide and sparkling seas ; or nearer viewed,
In crispèd white, they wound along and showed,
As streams the silver girdle, from the waist
Of slender woodland nymph, as when in haste,
She skirts the glen.

Within, as if a realm to make,
Of thickets green, and shady grove and brake—
The giant oak its arms extended wide,
And reared its form erect, as seemed to hide
The sky, with ample growth— ; while low beneath,
'Twixt lustrous beds and folded silky wreath,

The lowly vine her tendrils wove around,
 In subjection mute—and soothing odours bound,
 That from a thousand posies quick uprose—,
 And scented weeds, and blossoms spread in rows,
 Nigh thickets, fresh with dewy leaves and groves,
 Whose cooling shades the painted peafowl loves.

Low wound, a beaten track did seem to merge,
 With pansies rich, and with a laurel verge;
 While interfused, the creeping viola plied
 Her tufted ribbons round, and viewed aside
 Green beds, pied with lilacs red and white;
 And scented lavender, that shed a light
 Brown colour round, upon the golden leaved,
 Or pink, or white, geranium—that breathed
 Its lemon odours, free, to soothe and win,
 The floating odours of the jesamine—;
 Where-of in delight, the murmurous bee did sup,
 From honey pearled within each crystal cup;
 So with the tassel'd daisy edging near,
 Beside the low-hid violet, that spreads the rear
 With purple hue, each bed, love-leaned upon
 The screens of parting sweet-briar, whose leaves reshone
 With purple, pink, or white—or subdued red,
 Along each margin, mixed with holly head.

With streaming blossom beds on either side,
 The path now coursed low, and hailed with pride,
 The palm; as each did seem a sentinel,
 O'er honey-suckle ranks, that cowered still,
 Beside the scent of apple-blossoms wide,
 That swayed across each fountain's rippling side—
 Nor dared to crouch upon the lawn, nor weep,
 At sight of crystal spring-heads' joyful leap,
 With prisoned stars within their mazy folds.

Each fount of lucid shine, that brimful holds,
The dear delights of nature's wistful realms ;
That move with life, yet grief nor overwhelms.
So shone these lucent pools upon the green,
As fresh dew-drops, on trembling leaves are seen,
At early blush of morn : that call to mind,
The streams, whereby Narcissus had pined,
Fretting with amorous love, for his own shape,
Cast from the mirror'd bosom of the lake ;
Or where chaste Dian, and all her aerial maids,
Are wont to cool, on High Parnassian glades
'Mid water-lilies white.

More plants there were,
Too numerous, and may no description bear ;
But chief, the red-lotus new-flushed with light,
That holds its crimson head to mortal sight ;
Above the lesser weeds—in smiles that bloom,
With love, and light, and life—dispel all gloom—
More fair than blush upon the cheeks of nymphs,
When taken unaware, with half-clad limbs,
Within their haunts of recessed shade, or pool,
Concealed betw'xt the foliage broad and cool,
From stranger eyes. Some, high in air lay claim,
With silver cressets, bearing amber flame ;
Apart they grow, or poised in earthen mould,
Or fretted pyramid, they bloom untold.

Yet all in concert, deck the slabbed steps
That wind the hill, and rise from lowest depths ;
Now losing itself, 'mid the rising heads
Of flowery shrubs, that loom from higher beds— ;
Soon rear in spirals—upto the turret walls—
And bears its scented burden, unto the halls
Of crystal, jet, and amber shine ;—gay lit
With pendent lamps, and silvered amethyst ;

Outspread with curtained shades, of blue or white,
Like summer skies, bedecked with starry light ;
Whereto, did float an odour, balmy, mild,
Of blossoms through the hushéd halls—high piled—
As flowers spread their sweets—are they to soft repose
Do turn ; or wreathe their silken folds, or close
Their cups of odours deep, and ope gold-lipped,
In vermeil hue, or white, or purple tipp'd,
To soothe with love, their God Apollo, when
Empavillioned he lies in vaulted heav'n,
At eventide—in offerings meet of their
Day's toil.

So charmed to silence with amaze
I paused—and ravishment—. When through the haze
Of stricken Fancy, a vision clearer rose ;
Of incense curling wide, through archéd doors,
And bearing down the hill on spreaded wing,
Rich tones of music, as when Immortals sing
High triumphs—or when the Sacred Sisters Three,
Awake their lyres, in celestial minstrelsey—
And sing with love, in high empyrean,
Rejoicing o'er the feats of mortal men—.
O'er all the widened halls the music spread,
Across the vale, and by the river bed :
And o'er the lofty trees that toss'd the sky,
In accents sweetly strange, that floated by—
" O King of this happy-seated isle !
Fair flower of Grace and Manhood's smile ;
Bright fount of justice, and knowledge won,
Mirror of Truth, loved Virtue's son ;
Bounteous and wise so mayst thou reign,
Ever in Peace, 'mid sweet refrain
Of a Nation's praise, thy subjects' love,

The Song of the Mariner

And Heaven to guide thee from above !
So mayst thou reign Ever Happy and Long !
This is the burden of our song.....”

The while the music passed—the moon rose high,
And cast her lucent veil across the sky :
And over the trees she smiled with wakeful eye,
Upon the cold Hillside. And so I wept,
As down the meandering path the darkness crept
Around me, and filled me with a new delight,
To see, yet not retake that Maiden's flight :
But prudence with a sober touch abashed
My mind, and with renewed grief so dashed
My spirits—“ All things of earth, the air, the sky,
Reflect the beauty of the Inner Eye :
Unseen, unknown, yet ever beaming through
Each secret worldly store—” and so I knew
Truth comes to each but once, it moves, it goes,
You strive to seize the ideal, it onward soars :
Undaunted yet, the quest you still pursue,
The joy remains, and hope that fills the few !

THE SONG OF THE MARINER

Cut, cut the cable quick, boys,
And set the ship from shore,
Cut the cable quick boys,
Why cling to a sinking foe !

Heave the anchor up, boys,
Though the wind is on the sea,
The distant forms, the raging storms,
Are better mates for ye.

Sing with all your might, boys,
 Your friends are on the sea,
 The foaming waves that lash on them,
 Are they too strong for ye !
 Lay the oars about you, boys,
 Stern Duty must be done,
 'Mid stress in life, and joy in strife,
 True laurels will be won.
 Shout with all your might, boys,
 Your brothers but wait for ye !
 Roar with the winds, and storm, and shout,
 The song of Liberty !
 Row with all your might, boys,
 Let the storms around you break :
 Though you sink within the deep, boys,
 You anchor but on God's broad lake !
 Then cut, cut the cable quick, boys,
 Though the wind is on the sea,
 The raging forms, the roaring storms,
 Are better mates for ye !

THE PLATONISM OF LOVE

Not Maiden that thy seraph's form,
 Liv'ried by Nature in her most glorious urn,
 Nor all thy charms of youth, can storm
 My soul, or impel my spirit so to turn
 To thee :
 But thy mind's most melodious hue,
 Draped in a flowing mantle of spiritual light,
 That embalms me now, and bid me sue
 To dedicate to thee, this wingéd flight
 In song !

The Death of the Conqueror

What wert the glories of the moon,
Shorn of her beams so radiantly bright,
What art thou in thy earthly swoon,
Deprived of thy soul's spiritual light ;
So do I a forlorn youth,
Wrapt in the mazes of this wooded shade,
Turn to thee with joy in very sooth,
From sights of woe that darken every glade.

I turn to thee to ease my smart,
O Maid that alone canst fill me with a flame,
The purest that ever lit a mortal heart,
Untainted by the sensual lust of shame :
The dross of the earth that men call love,
That feeds on the body and with it dies,
When this frial life hath ceased to move,
And withered and cold on the corpse it lies.

But mine Fair Maid, is the soul's delight,
That glows within enkindled by thy form,
Beaming with no earthly light,
Wherever through the darkness I may roam :
And as the twilight to the evening star,
By day I'll track the lightnings by thee shed,
And when the night draws on and I am far,
I still shall strew fresh lilies on thy bed !

THE DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR

See where yon proud conqueror lies,
Biting the dust, biting the dust :
His blood-shot eyes affright the skies,
Burning with lust, burning with lust.

Blood-bitten lips, a gash on his breast,
A broken sword in his hand :
There he lies with a low-trailing crest,
His blood a-thirsting the sand.

A traitor to heaven, a traitor to men,
He has robbed them of their right :
He has yoked his men to a shameful burden,
He has robbed their freedom by his might.

A people's name, a people's shame,
Are bursting the skies, bursting the skies :
A nation's wail, a nation's fame,
Rustle the air with painful cries.

Though he is dead, his murderous head,
Lies flaring the sand, flaring the sand :
His bloody sword has turned his bed,
His greed hath plagued the land.

A traitor to God there let him lie,
Lapped in curses, lapped in curses :
Fit prey for wolves, there let him abide,
Stricken with curses, stricken with curses.

Let no maiden wail his hapless tale
Her shame yet kindles the sky :
He fell by the hand of a peasant frail,
Pierced by a flash of the eye.

Dead to the world, yea dead to fame,
There let him lie, there let him lie :
A felon's name, his country's shame,
There let him lie, there let him lie.

SEVERED COMPANIONSHIP

[An Elegy.]

I

A feverish weight subdues my heart,
 My soul in anguish moans,
 I fain would weep, but fear to start,
 The solemn notes, the tones
 Of delayed breath—
 And music soft, that wake my thoughts tho' few,
 To visions loved of thee, when life was new
 With Hope—not Death !

II

George ! George !—how faint that echo rings
 Across the space that tarries !
 A life of care or pain n'er brings,
 Such woeful melodies :
 O hapless lot !
 That pleasures old, and blisses long flown by,
 They tell me now so oft thou once wert nigh,
 And not—Forgot !

III

The music flags, it wanes, it's dead !
 Thy voice dear George, that once, ;
 So like a pealing organ, shed
 Sweet notes across the lawns,
 With dew embossed :
 Whereto with eager footsteps, easeful mind,
 Like reed unbroke, thou sang unto the wind
 Of love—engrossed.

IV

And fondly would we sit and hear,
 The zephyrs breathing by,
 And watch and feel, oh ! so near,
 The pale moon in the sky :
 As soft we bent,
 To hear the City's distant murmurs break,
 Like ripples light upon the slumbering lake,
 With breath—half-pent.

V

Not softer flowed yon purling tide,
 That we did hearken nigh :
 So soft our lives did smoothly glide,
 To meet the ocean by,
 In mingled streams :
 As were our thoughts so knit with friendly skill,
 And lulled to cadence low beneath the hill,
 'Mid golden beams !

VI

But now thy breath is sped, the reed
 By unruly winds lies brok'n :
 So erst in prime, hadst thou the need,
 Of words of love, oft spok'n :
 To linger Hope—to beguile unquenched Fear—
 So shall I ever moan with endless tear,
 Since I must sing alone !

VII

The stream flows by in golden sheen,
 But thine dear George, O thine !
 By hoary winter has it been,
 So froze before thy time :

Severed Companionship

That it nor flows around, nor flies the main,
 The cold hath choked thy blue encircling vein,
 And mine must flow—alone !

VIII

The breezes gently pass me still,
 No music theirs—not now !
 The chequered shades about the hill,
 They kiss the moon-beams from above :
 So spread in glory lie the fountains,
 Beside the hill and by the mountains,
 But must I muse alone !

IX

Alone ! alone I might not bear,
 Such solemn grandeur bright,
 I feel their charms around me here,
 To soothe my troubled plight :
 As thou wert wont, so Nature now with me,
 Weeps, more than man to man, in sympathy,
 And bears me in the fight.

X

Thou wert too good, too bright, too fair,
 Dear George, and might not stay,
 Thy beauteous mould could never bear,
 The shocks that rudely sway,
 With loud and clamorous roar, with din and strife,
 Such frightful storms as rock this mortal life,
 Like furies in a fray !

XI

To thee was life so new begun,
 A drop of melody,

That broke upon each wondering ear,
Then passed in harmony,
Adown the breeze, to waft about the air,
And freedom seek, from every mortal's care,
In some sphere of mystery !

XII

In yon fair Star that looms so bright,
Thy smiling face I spy :
Shine there aloft, 'mid radiant light,
Dear child of Memory !
And e'er with Hope, enkindle thou our hearts,
That we with courage true, may play our parts,
And sometime share thy glory !

LOVE

Where the sacred precincts shine,
Round altars of the Heart divine,
Beaming radiance all about,
Love will spring, Love she will out.

She will fly and cloudward bear,
Flaming through the mellowed air,
Kindling earth with heaven's fires,
Erect, never-ceasing spires.

Mingle wide, in Nature's realm,
Beast with beast, the vine with elm,
Wreathing mortal splendours all,
Joyous mountains with crystal pall.

Love is light, and life eternal,
Spirit pure and etherial,

Youth's Sanctuary

See! the soul's enfeebled lees,
She doth quicken to life and ease.

Heart of Man! O darksome cave!
Love with light will its passage pave,
Wilt scorch the pent-up embers there,
To burst and flame like lighted air!

YOUTH'S SANCTUARY

I

There is a Tree that blooms beside a pool,
Whose stately boughs high o'erarched embower,
And stoop their growth of living foliage lower,
With clustering berries, rich and ripe, that cool
The ardent breath: nor cloy the appetite
Of scholars young, or learned Eremite.

II

And like a sage most wise, with fondling arm,
Enfolds a grove of myrtle, whose tendrils round
It casts; and with the vine and ivy bound,
Sheds blossoms sweet, and odours that embalm
The sky; still whispers to the soft coves and glades,
And wafts low music, thro' the bosky shades.

III

And there within these glades with arbours lined,
From morn to eve, are seen to pace and stride,
The crested stag with antlers large and wide,
The spotted deer, and fawn of different kind:
And feed upon the berries ripe, and browse
Upon the turf, and in the stream carouse.

IV

For close beside, a slender stream doth flow,
 And winds about, and falls in silv'ry threads,
 Soft flowing from Parnassus, o'er beds
 Of golden strand, that from the classic shore
 Of age-worn lands have been, now purls between,
 And breaks in cascades, sobbing on the green.

V

The lucid waters strive,
 In ripples light, that shoreward cast
 Their crystal foam upon the grove,
 And feed the turf, and tune the blast,
 To whistle softly from above,
 And keep the Tree alive :
 To feed the buck and all the doe,
 That thither come to sport and go.

VI

And now as thro' these college halls,
 These spacious walks and corridors,
 In lightsome prints my footstep falls,
 Of that loved Tree the music soars ;
 I fain would think I were a deer,
 And in those self-same arbours rest,
 Drink deep from yonder waters clear,
 And steep my soul in visions blest.

VII

For often as I wander by,
 These fretted walls with ivy twined,
 The gentle breezes passing sigh,
 And breathe rich odours, newly mined :

Delusive Love

So sure am I as blithe again,
 With Nature's lore of wisdom meet,
 To feel my bosom swell amain,
 With echoes that the Muses greet.

VIII

Stay then thou Tree of learned minstrels'y,
 Thy boughs and berries may they ever be !
 All blossoms fresh, and arbours new and green,
 From year to year, the passing spring-tide wean !
 With endless ripples, e'er the Muses fill,
 The bosom of thy little sylvan rill !

DELUSIVE LOVE

I saw a pretty woodland dove,
 High-perched upon a tree,
 Its little heart so full of love,
 Waked accents sweet in me ;
 I watch'd the sun-beams kiss its breast,
 The golden ring with purple deck'd,
 I viewed the down above its crest,
 Sway to the wind, with dew new-flecked ;

Said I, " Dear Love if thou wilt mine,
 To me, will joy for ever shine ! "

At this the dove with easeful wing,
 Loud-chirping sped beside a hill,
 I followed fast with eager fling,
 And saw her dive into a rill.

The ripples sped in silver sheen,
 As out their bosom rose,

A lively maiden, beauteous seen,
 All fair as beauty shows :
 The waves they toss'd her heaving breast,
 The ring—a golden girdle now—
 So fair, no woman e'er was drest,
 With hair that streamed about her brow ;

All clad in beauty, naked she,
 Her wondrous charms did gadden me.

The sprays they beat about her breast,
 The waves as often heaved below :
 As speeding fast the foam I prest,
 To seize her in a fevered glow.

So lithe of form, so tender yet,
 Her throbbing hand I took ;
 And from her brow I kiss'd the wet,
 Then strained her with a look ;
 She heaved me back a mournful sigh,
 While Love lay pillowed in her eyes,
 And soft as winds where roses lie,
 She breathed a youthful paradise.

“ Ah me,” said I, “ dear heart, wilt thou
 Be mine, who art so full of love ? ”

This said I turned and heard her say,
 “ Fair youth, I could not happier be,
 Since many a long summer's day,
 Have I been waiting here for thee :

“ When 'mid the hills I saw you speed,
 I turned me to a dove,
 I thought that music, but your meed,
 Which filled your heart with love :

Delusive Love

Come then dear youth, and share with me,
The honey'd nectar from my lip,
Such sweets in love's elysium be,
That gods might envy thee to sip :

" These lips will feed, they canst not cloy,
So come fair youth, and be not coy ! "

When beauty pleads, what wain can stay,
The heart within from yearning :
What mortal yet, to love said ' nay,'
When love was fast a-calling !

So quick her breath it came and went,
Her bosom heaved amain,
Such bloom upon her cheek was pent,
I could not well refrain :
I kiss'd her eyes, I clasped her hand,
And from her lips of coral hue,
So sweet a breath her passion fanned,
I strove to drain the honey'd dew ;

Nor felt a cloy, but still aglow,
My pulses throbb'd with wilder flow.

But alas the mockery of love !
With joy doth love begin to glow,
Its passions toss the flames above,
Then cool and chill with death'ning blow !

So strange a numbness seized me then,
It still'd my pulses all :
A dark'ning thought, a subdued moan,
Entombed me in its pall :
And in my faintness, sure 'mid pangs,
I felt the maiden move and wipe,
Her tender arm like serpent's fangs,
Her girdle showed a serpent's stripe :

O gods ! what horror this did seem,
I woke—thank heaven—it was a dream !

Yet now this dream, so well to me,
Hath shown how passions do abate :
If beauty robbed of virtue be,
E'en love will turn to hate.

On earth is every pleasure,
So formed by a law divine,
With joy and sorrow in like measure,
Dark dregs imbed the sparkling Wine !

TO HIS LOVE

Wilt thou doubt me when I say,
The sky is dark when th' stars are away ?
Wilt thou doubt me if I say,
My sky is dark when thou art away ?

Alas ! for me no pleasure holds,
As when thou art with me,
When the fond memory unfolds,
Deep visions I could die to see.

O ! when in thy light I roam,
When in thy smiles I bide,
N'er so dear to me is my home,
With thee my Love at my side.

All thro' the day I n'er can cease,
But yearn for thy sweet sake,
And in the night I sigh with peace,
To think thou art with me awake.

Nature or Art

O Love ! that I could ever be,
 Thro' the world's changing sign,
 An undying mate for e'er with thee,
 O that I could cease to pine !
 That I could but sleep awhile,
 Nor fear to lose thee from my arms !
 Waken in the freshness of thy smile,
 Nor dread the world's wild alarums !
 That I could for ever wreath,
 My soul around thy soul divine,
 O that thou wouldst for ever breathe,
 The warmth of thy life into mine !
 O then our lives nought shall dis sever,
 Two twinn'd stars our souls shall be,
 And so united, we shall ever,
 Live on, on into eternity !

NATURE OR ART

Ah ! my little lily
 Golden-eyed,
 Ah ! my little lily
 Peerless bride !
 Lonely wanderer of the valley,
 Ever so palely,
 Never so gaily,
 Fairest flower of the valley,
 My little spot-less bride !
 Through the shower,
 My changeless lover,
 Constant ever,
 I will bide :

With thy streams
 Crystal clear,
 And radiant beams
 Chastened pure.

O fair child of morn,
 Fairer far than dawn,
 Such lovely face,
 Such angel grace !
 Ah ! let rancour cease,
 Emblem true of peace,
 Sweet as summer-breath,
 Blossom of the earth,
 Fresh as air,
 Frail with care,
 Lovely flower,
 Pale and prone,
 I will moan
 In thy bower.

Life shall never,
 Part or sever,
 Thee from me,
 My gentle bride,
 Little golden-eyed,
 Flower !

Time shall never
 Wither thee,
 Death shall never
 Smother me,
 Ah ! my lovely flower !
 In thy spot-less raiment,
 I will hide each lament,
 My little artless lover !

Nature or Art

From thy balmy side,
 Ah ! beauteous sight !
 Maiden of light,
 Pain shall never,
 Part or sever,
 Me, my little winsome bride,
 My little angel guide !
 Trustful, hopeful ever,
 Thoughtless, fickle never,
 I will bide
 By thy side,
 Radiant flower,
 In thy bower,
 Ever !

O ! away, away, thou fickle-breasted woman !
 Away ! thou painted perfumed leman !
 What else thy laughter,
 But fruitless chatter,
 Or thy love,
 But shifting shadows in the water !
 Constant never,
 Parting ever !

Ah ! thou fickle-breasted
 Woman,
 Thou changeful, moodful
 Leman,
 Enchantress of the alley,
 Luring to thy rally,
 Wanton youths,
 From the booths,
 Smiling ever,
 Loving never,
 Ah ! shifting shadows in the water, away !

In your city towers,
In your wanton bowers,
Where you dally with idle hours,
And gilt-bound books,
And spell-bound looks,
No breath of peace,
Discord will not cease ;

There, your step-dame Fashion,
Stirs your every passion :
In your silken frills,
In your wanton thrills,
Love finds no rest,
Envy builds her nest,
So you rove with silken sails,
Blown by hollow winds, while Love bewails !

And your desires,
Kindle fires,
All too hot,
For your thought,
So, fast they perish
On their giddy way,
As flies that flourish
But a summer's day !

O thy merry laughter,
Rippling ever
Bursting ever,
Deceitful to the eyes,
Brimful of sighs,
Blushing ever,
Bashful ever,
Truthful never,

The Flood

Artful ever,
 Sirens on the grass !
 Hear them as you pass !
 Ah ! thou changeful, tuneful, leman, away !

But come my little lily
 Golden eyed !
 Come my little lily
 Peerless bride !
 To thy lonely bower,
 In the rural cover,
 Lovely bride,
 I will glide,
 Ah ! my little chastened bride,
 Little golden-eyed
 Lover !

THE FLOOD

PART I

[As it occurred in 1924, the most disastrous of its kind for the past forty years. The heavy torrential rainfall and the consequent overflow of the rivers, accounts for this periodical calamity in parts of South India. The poem was begun on the night of the occurrence when every highway and courtyard was well nigh two feet under water, and is the earliest of the poems in this volume.]

I

Locked in slumber's fast embrace,
 Yester eve you little thought,
 Fond youth, your soul at break of day,
 Would wake to view man's fearful lot :

The Flood

. 99

Sweet forms across your vision stole,
And so you slept quite peaceful, long,
Each instant like a fleeting train,
New visions dawn, your sleep prolong.

II

Till ruby Dawn, her smile extends,
Hails to the sun in love's soft tone :
Sol nor heard her plaintive note,
The wingéd winds a response moan :
In hustling forms their presence feel,
The dark myrmidons crowd amain,
As instant at a whispered call,
The clouded sky in torrents rain.

III

Up with the Morn you sate and gazed,
You stared in stupid silence still,
At slender streams that trickling played,
A novel sight ! you watched each rill ;
But soon you fancy, thought you saw,
Each pearly drop the rills awake ..
To wider streams, the gushing wind
Dark storms portend, your bliss retake.

IV

If thought you had, you little know,
What thought its aid unwitting lent,
To recent floods in seasons past,
These dire forebodings transient went :

The Flood

Ye Fays and Fairies, Genii !
Wingéd brewers of mischief ! Fie !
Ye pageants of the mystic sphere,
From airy realms why heave that sigh ?

V

E'ry drop bespoke a hundred drops,
E'ry cloud a feathered monster vies,
On eagle wings, the rapid streams,
Ope every portal in the skies ;
Down on the ghats their might descends,
Are backward splashed in high disdain,
In gloating glee they foam and froth,
Destruction, woe, deep havoc, mean.

VI

For stay ! what monster hither comes,
With pluméd main and lashing tail ?
His sonorous roar across the dale,
Thundered and rocked, dire echoes wail :
Not many miles of Trichi north,
This flooded torrent headway made,
Four hundred palms are headlong twirled,
An abyss frowns where men did wade.

VII

Not faster rides the avalanche,
Adown the snow-clad Everest tops,
Nor fiercer gush the waters forth,
As frenzied Indus goads the rocks :

The Flood

101

So swept the living Kav'ri down,
A mass of rocks deep-seated, flung ;
Across the plain, the monsters sport '
Black-browed, to them the ivy clung.

VIII

The aloes and the sandal tree,
Well then might mourn in pensive strain,
What folly their's to mountains cling,
Proud man to scorn, in silence reign :
Through woodlands dark, the waters roar,
The sturdy trees are quickly told :
Of rock-bound bridge the ' Coleroon ',
The giant strides are downward hurled,

IX

Nor stayed its course this flooded tide,
The Temple and the Fane around,
The surging waters foam and heave,
They roll and splash, the walls resound :
The lesser hamlets prostrate float,
Like battered phantoms grossly stern,
Along the dusky waning light,
By fits the winds, they shriek and moan. .

X

The nodding corn, the sporting boy,
Aside are dashed : the lowing cow,
The busy wife in terror fly,
The crested palmtrees bend and bow :

The Flood

Allecto then with million more,
Fierce demons of the darker sky,
Could scarce withstand this flooded rage,
The elemental scourge rolled by—

XI

A proud militia stern and bold—
Where then was Jupiter ? grim lord :
Why then did Mars withhold his spear,
And not the rebels crush and goad ?
Let Ceres weep, and Fates declaim,
Sue the monsters for damage wrought,
Let Vesta moan, her maidens wail,
Proud Diana may smile, as not.

XII

Blind folly ! Vesta and Ceres,
Immortals ever might they be,
Mars, Jupiter, Fates, Diana too,
Must own the Supreme Deity.

PART II

I

You watched the waters curl and roll,
The scarlet slash on the Ocean's cheek,
You saw the sun, blood-red, aglare,
In ominous gloom his glory steep :

To West, the streams discordant strive,
Like fate these quieter hamlets know,
The tenor of a peaceful life,
Their fury bides : life's spark's aglow,

II

Confusion spreads, deep grief, despair,
A shout ! immediate, each brow
Contracts : loud voices echo—' Fly ! '—
O'er roadless tracks their footsteps strew,
O'er fens, through marshes, heedless where,
The waters gleam in lurid light,
In silence grim Night spreads his wing,
The Moon's wan cheek dispels delight.

III

That father missed his infant son,
At night his wont to dote upon,
As torch in hand he sped to find,
An aged mother, a loving one :
The lurid glare was seen to fall,
On eager eyes, upturned, red,
While pangs and shouts of woman's wail,
Fast echoed, distant, homeward sped.

IV

A mother with her infants twain,
In scanty garb was seen to hie,
That pious wife, she little knew,
The tide had swept her husband by :

The Flood

His will to do, the waters foam,
They roar and rush athwart the plain,
The proud and poor, their abodes both,
Are swept into the angry main.

V

The sea a rake, the billows toss'd,
And rear'd : unplumed of salient white,
Undecked, the bashful waves now foam and fret,
In turbid mountains, fight !
They lash ! they roar ! O heavens forbend,
Their ire against yon craft be spent !
Methinks 'tis she, with her infants young,
The fragile craft no succour lent !

VI

O frightful scene ! what dire event !
On to her arms the children cling :
One long fond kiss, one sweet embrace,
The ripples' sport their death-knell ring :
The clouds their tears in pearls do rain,
O'er bier wove out the bluish wave,
While zephyrs light they moan their dirge,
And Angels speed their souls to save.

VII

By two's by three's the maidens rock,
In canoes of the lighter sort,
A radiant smile lights up the boat,
A child's it is, yet fearful nought :

With livid lip and fallen eye,
Pride aruffled, the women wade,
It rent the heart, to have to see,
The scalding tears their beauty raid.

VIII

Of homes bereft, loved ones deprived,
To smile was folly, vain attempt !
The chords of wedded links, love's bonds,
In twain were rent : enough they lament :
Her vision dimmed, the Moon nor strove,
With wanton smiles to deck the vast
Landscape : nor rend the sable veil,
In pity that her wooer cast.

IX

O heaven ! was e'er a night before,
Of woe so fraught with pain and care !
Sharp pangs across each bosom shot,
In cloisters throng, their hearts uprear :
A throbbing mass of human souls,
The swollen tide had purged that night :
And leaving life, each hoped to live,
A life e'er blissful, gay, and bright.

X

The woeful sight the torches showed :
That night in lurid glare was seen,
As Night's fair Queen in darkness moaned,
Each mortal's pangs, a painful load.

THE BRITISH FLEET

[Lines written on Contemplation of the future Indian Fleet.]

When the glory of the day is done,
At setting of the sun,
Then is heard the gun,
Of a victory won,
 Fierce and fast—
The fury and the anguish,
 That's just begun.

So when England's many ships,
Scour the ocean with their dips,
Bold hearts of oak and ruddy lips,
Like bloodhounds from the slips,
 Fierce and fast—
Is heard the echoing roar,
 Of battle from the cliffs.

Now when England's distant foes,
Resound with thunder from their bows,
And defeat upon her lowers,
Still is heard the gun,
 Of a victory won,
The fury and the anguish,
 That is just done.

Spread forth your sails ye mariners !
Prophets of the world and seers !
There's no battle without the tears,
Though afar is heard the groan,
 Of men prostrate and prone,
The fury and the anguish,
 'Neath the ocean strewn !

CUPID TO CAMPASBE

O come with me and be my love,
Come little birdie, come with me,
In the skies so far above,
There are spots more fair to see :
In the shades reflected there,
There is sunshine everywhere !
There is sunshine there for me,
When from the dark world I do flee,
To spots more lone, to woods serene,
Where Love is all unclouded seen :
There doth freshness, truth, abound,
There all voice is as a sound
Of harmony, divin'st harmony,
Where Nature breeds in symphony ;
Not like this false dissembling world,
Where wretchedness dons a saintly mould,
And in that venom'd Custom's name,
Rage and rank, foul deeds of shame.
Or where to see, is not to see,
And men are not, what men should be,
But hidden still in virtue's guise,
The fool, as oft becomes the wise :
And ever to dissemble were
The custom with men, not half so fair !
Ah yes ! this happy laughing-stock
Of human-kind, split on the rock,
Of hate, of envy, malice, pride,
Drawn from the weaker human side,
For there to love, is not to feel,
And love is but a beastly reel

Cupid to Campaspe

Of lust, of spiteful selfish bane,
And marriage but a worded name,
As in bonds of hidden shame,
Men and women rage the same !

Then come my love and let us flee,
There's sunshine there for you and me,
In the woods so fresh and fine,
In the pools and wooded pine,
In Nature alone is truth my love,
Nature led by the skies above,
For what is 'sin' that men speak of,
Truth they hide, at truth they scoff ;
To them no good is, but what the law
Of custom, sets upon each flaw.
Ah 'sin' ! that word so insecure,
From men doth turn her falser lure :
Where misguided Nature is, is sin,
When men do falsely seek to win,
The reverse of every human order,
Or spring from chaos worse disorder ;
When in polluted huts they dwell,
When women seek their charms to sell,
To all and sundry for every little thing,
Where to their lusts, men give the fling,
And revelling still in beds not their's,
In falser beliefs, alike each fares ;
Ah ! there's the sin, there the evil,
Evil, the shadow of the devil,
For hidden e'er is God's treas'ry,
From men who live in infamy !

Ah ! there is truth in good alone,
In mutual love and plighted moan,

Tho' evil men will evil think,
Whatever chain will form the link,
Of chastened love, of conscient truth,
For aye is such the world, in sooth.
There is sunshine in the woods my love,
God's light reflected from above,
In human hearts, each conscience knows,
Where truth is, there God's breath blows :
Thence loving each with Nature, free,
There is truth for you and me,
Ah ! come my love into the glade,
There Nature in happiness doth wade,
And all is joyous to behold,
Bright consciences, bright lamps uphold !
There's sunshine there, for you and me,
From the dark world let us flee,
For mirror'd from heaven's treas'ry,
There's truth in bird and bee,
In the life they lead, the songs they sing,
There's truth in every happy ring,
Ah ! there is music there for me,
There is truth and love for thee,
Then come my love and live with me,
Come, little birdie, O come with me !

THE HAT CONFERENCE

[A Scene in the Animal Kingdom]

All round in th' shape of a circle or hat,
Fair honest old dames, and widow'd men sate :
But strange as it seem, sage animals they were,
So goodly a company to meet now were rare :

The Hat Conference

As the fox, and hare, and th' hoary old boar :
The fastidious ape of his tricks a store,
To delight the assembly, that sighed and frore,
Through the sleet and hail of th' winter so hoar :
That grisly wild-wolf, with queer-fashioned paw,
From his full-gorged fight, hale in tooth and claw :
The silly old bear, who in times of care,
With the lion in state, his counsels did share :
And the hind and pard, each madame and sir,
And the goat, the deer, and the ox and cur ;
Nor very much of truth, you wouldn't declare,
Were in these poor rhymes, if I did forbear,
To give him his worth—the dread porcupine—
As alone with his quills, who could guard his shrine ;
And many ones less, and many ones great,
But whose pomp to record, were not here in state.

Then suffice it in truth, for me now to tell,
If you would but list, what to them befell,
Who from far had hailed, to rule the dispute,
As who should be master, and who the brute :
As to who should rule, or who bide the sway,
Whose right, were the many others to obey ;
For against the lion, each mightily was grieved,
And swore, that they would of wrongs be retrieved.
So cleverly was it 'ranged, and well did they meet,
With nor spite, nor spleen, in a circle so neat :
Thence unto the lion, each cordially exprest,
What seemed to him of counsels the best,
To avoid such calamitous animal rule,
And anew to begin another great school.

Then popped up straight a ven'erable old fox,
His clean-shaven crown, as bald as a box,

Unopen'd as yet, but with treasures of thought,
 That he for no farthing, assuredly had bought :
 " Great princes, great sires, O potentates all ! "
 Thus he began—" fair ladies, both fat and small !
 Our master the lion, though trusty and strong,
 Is powerless and weak, and wilt die ere-long :
 So if on self-destruction you are not bent,
 Again do I repeat, what long I have meant :
 In honesty of will, my pow'r that you claim,
 O'er all the wide lands, that winnow my fame :
 Over barns, out houses, and haylofts a deal,
 And hen-coops and yards, for woe or for weal :
 My gentry are vast, their cornfields as great,
 And I be their lord, though of no estate ;
 But hold I in this hand, their hearts as you see,
 So be it their will, that you yield unto me ;
 Now here on this page, write each your demand,
 To that will I pledge, my seal and my hand ;
 For thus I intend to settle the dispute,
 In my realm, be there no lord, nor no brute ! "
 Thus ended he : then with a very glib smile,
 He twitch'd his gray tail, to muse thence awhile.

The vixen so glad, she winked with a whirr,
 And tucked up her frill, and drew in her fur :
 But the hare sate still, fast nibbling the grass,
 " Come what will," she said—" come what will to pass."
 The ape played his tricks, the lion switched his tail,
 Though not one of th' crowd so much as did pale :
 The silly bear grinned, but not the porcupine,
 " I care not," he cried—" but leave clear my shrine ! "

But enraged old wolf, forth sprang with a ' hoff ',
 Fast bating the fox, with a very wicked laugh,

The Hat Conference

Then unto the assembly that sate round the hat,
Full loud he began, his most eloquent chat—
“I have been patriarch and lord of all arms,
Ere first ye had heard of the war’s alarums :
As often, I saved ye from earthquake and thunder,
Now hear me my masters, hear this with no wonder—
Know, old mister fox, errs greatly to claim,
The friendship for me, that my men acclaim ;
There lives not a cub, but what I endear,
In his yard no lambkin, but what I shear :
No miscreant in his den, no ruffian in the wood,
But trembles, when abroad I scour with my brood ;
It fits your convenience then best you see,
To leave things each as their beginning should be,
For know ’tis my aim, to be lord of all game,
Now yield unto me my masters, ’tis no shame !”
Then verily did he tug, at his great red beard,
To show that he wasn’t very much afeerd.

But when thus he ended, an air of concern,
On all their gay faces you might well discern ;
The hare pricked her ears, the ape dropped his antics,
The silly old boar, did work into hysterics,
For he with the lion, had been of one kin,
To destroy or build, the hard fight to win.

O then like a trick, the hat would have flown,
Had not there the goat, her own brain shown :
“I have been a slave, these many years past,
I have made much booty, and game to th’ last,
But now my great people, be of one cry,
—For we be all one, we the smaller fry—
That fear we your love, O good mister fox,
That dread we your might, thou patriarch locks,

For we be though poor folk, of one only mind,
 That to you our oaths, we never shall bind,
 Nor our friendship need claim, ere you change your creed,
 Then leave us in peace : to fear we've no need ;
 What matter we eat, the sole of our foot,
 The sand of the grass, the heel of a boot ?
 But since 'tis your will, my pleasant-headed kin,
 To shear us all quite, of our one only skin,
 Entrenched deep will we lie, all within our halls,
 Nor dread, each marauder that nightly calls :
 Then to MAN will we, our power impart,
 His creatures are we, to choose or to part :
 For know, we of the minority be of this pact,
 And thus shall it be : thus stand for a fact."

Then up stood the boar, his collar all torn,
 " If to this ye yield not, I will be blown !
 Leave each to his sphere, there work what he will,
 Each unto his speed let him trust, or his skill ;
 For to MAN will we our homage all pay,
 The best he of creatures, that leap or play."
 To this last, the ape full consent assigned,
 And the hare, and bear, were both of one mind :
 But the fox sate mute, and the wolf stared hard,
 " Hard lines !—" snarled the wolf : " hard lines !—" leered the pard.]

Then twirled he his whiskers, the lion with a growl—
 " I knew you had come, to play me great foul,
 My wisdom to slight, my dread right to claim,
 I thought so as well, you had come with this game :
 O ! fool that I was, to have lent you my aid,
 Like any great ruler that ever was made !
 But since now my sires, your abilities don't mend,

Then stay where you are : let that be the end,
Of your counsels and advices, your hues and cries,
For know that in the lion his power still lies :
Then be it my pleasure, to eat or to kill,
To fleece you all quite, or to sit stock-still ! ”

“ Most unconstitutional !—” loud yelled the fox :
“ A walk-out ! we’ll kill him !—” growled th’ wolf from
th’ box.]

Then unto the lion, stepped the hoar-headed bear,
“ We will set, ’fore them,” he whispered—“ a snare—
Thus trapped will they fall, and tear with their might,
As who should be wrong, or who should be right :
Then beneath th’ oak tree, that stands in the wood,
We’ll drown them all quite, in their own bad blood.”
Thus ended this conference of heads that sate,
Both wise men and widows, in shape of a hat :
For rounds without beginning no end can have had,
And that is the beginning of the end so sad.

Now dear little kittens, play at your rolls,
The fox and the lion, are asleep in their holes,
And the bear, and the wolf, do strangle each other,
O pray little asses, that ne’er they recov’r.

SLEEP AND BEAUTY

I

As Beauty lay beside a tree,
And watch’d the ripples play,
Each o’er the other light and free,

And shoot their silver ray
 Across her unswathed knee,
 Young Love for breath sat panting by ;
 Soon wooed her cheek, and then her eye,
 And kissed her hair,
 As did the mellow air,
 With many a wanton here and there :
 While she right proudly swayed
 Her virgin charms, and so was Cupid paid.

II

But Sleep, fair Sleep did float above
 On leaden wings, and watch'd how Love
 Did rob him of his mistress' charm ;
 Said he " Thou sure shalt come to harm
 For this,
 Since thou didst forsake me,
 Whom first I wooed, ere he
 Fond fool, had grown to flatter thee ! "

III

This said, he flapped his bended wing,
 And swifter down the bole
 He sped, than bolt from whirling sling,
 And oped his sable roll :
 Then cast it with a fling
 Across their eyes—still speeding close,
 From off her cheeks, he stripped each rose,
 As from her lip,
 And breasts with vermeil tip,
 He nipped their bloom and thence did trip,
 Unto a shady nook
 Low hid within, beside the wandering brook.

Thoughts in a Garden

IV

She cast the veil—O hapless being!
And Beauty rose, a faded thing!
And turned to Love, but he with fears,
Beheld the change amid the tears
 That swelled,
 And blinded both his eyes:
 Then left her 'mid her sighs,
And shrieking fled into the skies!

V

But Sleep, fair friend of sorest need,
That gives to virtue, virtue's meed,
 With gentle touch did say,
 " Now cheer thee damsel fair,
 Tho' Love wilt flee,
And beauty's but a season's dream,
That soon must pass and nothing seem,
With thee I'll stay all the day,
 To cheer thee, Sweet and Fair!"

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

HIS LOST LOVE

I

Dark shades of night come fluttering in about me,
 As here I pause alone,
The fading lights that quiver on the lea,
 Fast melt and they are gone!
Here, where the chill winds breathless pant and moan,
 And weary nights are long,

Here lie I musing, pensive, faint, and lone,
And watch the busy throng,
Of dreaming flowers !
They have no griefs, they seem to be
Steeped in one long ecstasy,
Within their bowers !

II

But thou pale languisher among them all,
Why dost thou wake lone flower,
Why pause, why hearken not to th' cheerful call
Of sleep unto thy bower ?
Sweet flower, dear star imaged on earth's cold brow,
What woe doth appal thee,
Why pine with grief, why droop so low with love,
Why tarry thou with me !
Say hast thou too
My grief, such easeless pain, such sorrow,
Dost fear to wake upon the morrow,
'Mid griefs anew ?

III

Thou hast a spirit, deathless as is mine,
Can this be aught to me,
Thou hast a love, but will my love enshrine,
With thy cold sympathy !
Thou canst not feel the dread, the shapeless woe,
That heaves upon my soul,
Thou canst not share, alas the painful flow,
Of grief upon its role,
Within my heart !
Nor know the pangs of stricken love,

Thoughts in a Garden

That flame within, and sear my brow,
With anguished smart !

IV

Alas, sweet flower, you and I must part,
Thou com'st from 'nother sphere,
Thou canst not know, what 'tis to start
With pain, like mortals here :
To thee each passing sunshine and each rain,
Brings life and vigour new,
But what to me is the sunshine or the rain,
When life breeds troubles new ?
Thou hast no thought,
But what the morrow brings to thee,
True joy in life, we seldom see,
They 're seldom got !

V

O would I were as speechless, dumb as thou,
Grief then would die unspok'n :
O would I were in feeling, cold or slow,
Love then would not betok'n,
This woe, this numbing chill, this fretful fear
Of death, in living love :
This phantom fear, that wakes from far and near,
Lost visions of my Love,
Of her that's fled !
But no, each soul-harrowing thought,
Wilt goad me on to a cheerless lot,
I sigh—" She's dead ! "

VI

She dead ! we part ? Mute hearkener, thou still dost bear,
 Some solace unto me,
What tho' thy tender veins can little share,
 My deathless misery !
Yet stay lone ministrant, and do not hide,
 Those love-lips from my sight :
For through thy mournful gloom, there seems to glide,
 A face of serener light ;
 And in thy glow,
I feel a warmth, a world of breath,
A livelier glow, a radiant death,
 Too blissful,—slow !

VII

Thy petals ope, and lo ! a visioned storm,
 Of maiden-breath springs nigh,
Thy mellow hues unwreathe her panting form,
 And sweep her beauty by !
O ! in each pearléd drop that glistening lies,
 Upon thy balmy breast,
I'll cool my brow, my tears, my swelling sighs,
 And there I'll weep and rest !
 So safe from harms,
Beneath thy soothing shades I'll lie,
And droop away, and pine, and die,
 Still in my Fair Love's arms !

I STAND IN THE EYE OF GOD

[Stanzas written after visiting Cape Comorin : SUNRISE.]

Lo ! where the radiant Prophetess of day,
Doth wave her crimson wand,
Whenas the golden sun abed,
Peers forth his dew-besprinkled head,
And clouds and cloudlets each in pyramids bright,
Or pointed spires deep-edged with gilt, alight :
Whence on a sudden the rich glow suffuses,
As songs melt in a harmony of voices,
And sea and sky, and sky and sea,
Enkindle all the land—
One flutt'ring spark of life I stand—a form forlorn—
That vaulting pinnacle of rock upon !

The blue waves dash,
The white sprays flash,
As two wide oceans meet and crash,
On that green and emerald sea.

In flecks of silver dash'd with red,
Rears high the tide upon the coral bed :
Whilst merrily beneath my feet,
The waves in tumult roar and beat :
And merrier still the sea and foam,
Foam in my breast with thund'ring beat !

O then, as sands that melt into the ocean's foam,
As painted clouds into the sky,
My spirit melts into the orbs above !
Thus pinion'd—awhile I pause—on airy wings of love,
Then droop—a wretched worm—to die !

The Lover's Complaint

121

O sight enchanting ! O to be free !
To taste that living ecstasy !
Not to die¹ —to be a long-forgotten worm,
A flutt'ring, swerving, lifeless human form,
Impaléd in that formless thing of ' self ',
That pampered maw, of pomp, or pow'r or pelf— !

O Spirit of Nature ! to us impart,
Thy all-abounding love, thy art :
That not in hoary creed,
Or thoughtful pray'r or deed,
Is co-existent good inwrought !

Why then there is nor earth, nor heav'n nor hell,
Nor may aught 'vail to break that mortal² spell,
BUT WHAT WE ARE !

So ever as the fiery orbs roll by,
Wrapped in the flames of a spangled sky,
Thrilling with rapture, here we are,
Burning to capture, th' world and the star !

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Canst thou Fair Sweet still say I love not thee,
Or that so deep a passion can n'er be !
Ah ! see you not the labouring anguish in
This ardent bosom, not as yet of Sin !
Alas ! such love is beastly, it doth enthrall,
The nobler instincts of the death-less soul,

¹Die=Lose the pleasures afforded by Nature.

²Mortal=Causing death.

Ballade of Destruction

Unto the cravings of the flesh. Not such
My love for thee : but far a sweeter touch
Of music soothes the sense ! O sweeter than
The breath of adolescent spring, that can
Into rich blossom, sweep the tender hope
Of youthful trees ; in sooth a livelier scope
This passion opes to view. It fills the mind
With blossoms fresh of thought, more fervent, kind,
That nourish on the fountains 'neath the breast,
Mute whisp'rings of the spirit that canst not rest ;
And faint though seems the flutter of my heart,
To vie it, well would need an angel's art !
O ! doubt not that a sacred fire fills me,
To feel thy heav'n-inspiring breath, the glow
Of melting eyes, the milky overflow
Of arms round warmer bosoms, the deep sigh :
To hear the soul's mute voice when thou art nigh,
Aye more ! to feel such ardour holds for me,
A sister, friend, and lover, all in thee !
And thus he moaned the lover all in pain,
And thus might you yet hear him moan again.

BALLADE OF DESTRUCTION

They 're lev'lling the huts in Marina row,
They 've doomed that darkness and idleness must die :
They 've painted a man and put in the Zoo,
And ordained that women should cease to be shy ;
The great scaffold is built and set up on high,
They 're calling the Juror from th' street you know :
The market is ready, the butcher is nigh :
They 're killing the pigs in Marina row.

See ! loud laughs each young hero full in the show,
They 've robbed the moon from her place in the sky :
" But Shakespeare was honest, though his wife a—'ore—"
" And Milton is great where his compeer doth lie—"
I mean the old Devil, deep-drowned in the Rye :
" In Sam Johnson's straw hat, there lived once a sparrow—"
To eat grass are they trained, all one way, in the sty ;
They 're killing the pigs in Marina row.
They 've turned each he-man 'to the street ! Oh, ho !
Nay do not their M.A.'s eat stars from the sky ?
Still in senates and outhouses are paced to and fro,
And trimmed are they not in gowns on the sly ?—
What accursed...base heads...this d—'ned pass !...but why ?]
They 're killing the Gods, all in great Moscow :
They 've baked see ! a hotch-potch of pudding and pie :
They 're killing the pigs in Marina row.

ENVOI

But dread Senator ! think you, you will not die ?
FOOL ! prepare, haste, atone, lest too late you rue :
For I fear in hell's-fire for this shall you lie,
Though all the university cows should moo ;
They 're killing the pigs in Marina row.

SPILT WINE

I

She came to him like the summer's rain,
When the parched fields are dry,
That softly wake the budding grain,
To shed a brighter sky :

The Voyage of Life

She came to him like the summer's rain,
 When his parchéd heart was dry,
And sprang therein a soft sweet bud,
 That bloomed beneath her sigh :
But now she's gone, the petals drop,
 The light is gone, the canker comes :
It's eaten the petals one by one,
His heart ! O his heart is an urn of dried-up dust !

II

She came to him like a summer's dove,
 And cooed around his heart,
And built therein a nest of love,
 And eased him of his smart :
She fled from him like a summer's dream,
 The nest hath lost its queen,
His mind cannot recapture the strain,
 The nest is broken, that nest of twigs :
She came like a dove, she fled like the eagle,
 She fled with his soul, alas ! alas !
His life is clotted with its blood,
His heart ! O his heart is a nest of bleeding twigs !

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

I

For see ! how softly doth the morn
 In smiles so gay, serene,
Fondly beam upon the dawn,
 As he nestled lies new-wean :
Or how her fragrant breath hath bound
The gold-gilt clouds, that wreath him round.

II

She smiles as sweet, but sweeter still,
A mother fond and true,
Her deep impassioned gaze doth fill
With life and vigour new,
That infant babe, her cherub young,
Who from her bosom erstwhile sprung.

III

Her breath with balmy odours laden,
Awakes to life the spark,
That little soul that speaks unbidd'n,
Within a flesh-formed bark :
She woos him with a tender kiss,
And adds a prayer to crown her bliss.

IV

O Child ! unfledged mariner,
On Life's tempestuous tide !
'Mid storms so bleak and dismal drear,
Thy strength, will it abide !
Let Reason then, and Valour too,
So speed the helm and shelter you.

V

I see thee rigged in silken sail,
The storms may batter them :
Let Rancour strive, and Malice wail,
But Truth, the tide will stem ;
As oft you see the billows rage,
Fear not, let heaven your thoughts engage.

VI

And of the millions that with you
Give battle to the storm,
If strife or Despair thence ensue,
Love Hope in Virtue's form :
So sure wilt thou the Sacred Isle
Of Love ascend, where angels smile.

VII

Lo ! now the stream glides gently by,
That stream of infant-tide,
If wends thee where the blossoms lie,
Where bliss and pleasures bide:
Sweet strains of music float from high,
And aerial voices hover nigh.

VIII

There sweet-voiced Nature merrily sings,
As on the craft makes speed,
From many a tree her voice rings,
And from the grassy reed :
The scented blossoms in the grass,
They rise to cheer thee as you pass.

IX

Yet on he speeds, as in a dream,
Each joy, newer joy doth bring,
The flower-clad bank, the sunbeam,
All these newer pleasures ring ;
The lark whose carols wake the sky,
Doth steep his soul in ecstasy.

X

The tide now trickling speeds, swifter,
The ripples sport and play,
So with the passing hours, wider,
His infant visions stray :
As year on year, from day to day,
In mirthful lays thus wend their way,

XI

But lo ! in yonder pass I spy,
Dark rocks that frowning bide,
Wide-gaping far, they outward lie,
And graze his vessel's side ;
Yet no ! the bark skims on her lee,
She has stemmed the gulf of Infancy !

XII

Full soon the stream doth swifter flow,
The waves from slumber rise,
And in a gush the winds now blow,
Deep music from the skies ;
Amazed, yet not aghast, the boy
Drinks in the strain, with wond'rous joy.

XIII

A bustle and a clamour now,
Loud beats upon his ear,
About him youthful forms of love,
Do waft upon the rear :
All rigged and manned, nor less nor few,
Each bark was filled with a noisy crew.

The Voyage of Life

XIV

For now around, this rabble band,
Set up a deaf'ning shout,
And from the hills upon the land,
The echoes sped the rout ;
Full many a skiff was heaved adown,
While some did laugh to see them drown.

XV

See ! see ! the stream doth swifter flow,
It speeds them all along,
And with a wail the winds do blow
Amid the noisy throng ;
And faster, sooner, the wallowing tide,
Engulfs the Ocean's seething side.

XVI

And lo ! beyond, an expanse wide,
The Future clouded lies,
There eternal mists in darkness glide,
And Ages claim their sighs ;
Yet afar, within, wide-stretching lie,
The shades of Life, of varied dye.

XVII

And midmost of these realms of blue,
An Island looms in sight,
Fair as a gem of brightest hue,
All bathed in celestial light :
Thither I see the crowds make speed,
Great, great I think will be their meed.

XVIII

So onward yet I see them hie,
 All frenzied with delight,
 The maddened mass scarce heed the cry,
 Of those that quail in fright :
 Dark rolling waves, the tempest's wail,
 Doth heave the mast, and rend the sail.

XIX

But now, a loud and piercing yell,
 Forth rises to the sky,
 From foremost ranks whom woe befell,
 'Mid rocks that concealed lie :
 Whom reckless Folly, fain did lure,
 Into the whirlpool's watery bier.

XX

All is woe and anguish known,
 Of Reason, nought is there,
 But wild confusion, wilder grown,
 By shrieks of loud Despair :
 The roaring billows surge and heave,
 The skiffs are toss'd without relieve.

XXI

Fierce low'ring clouds begirt them round,
 The winds in fury roar,
 Fain would they run their skiffs aground,
 Could they but find a shore :
 In whirling eddies the waters foam,
 Full many a soul, they lash and storm.

XXII

But see ! a vision now outspreads,
And breaks upon their view,
Lustrous folds of flowery beds,
In gold and purple hue,
Drape an Isle so trim and bright,
That from the waters hove in sight.

XXIII

There, maidens fair, of beauty rare,
Do play upon the strand,
While half-clad nymphs with streaming hair,
Fast beckon from the land :
And dance and sing and sport the while,
Amid the groves of Pleasure Isle.

XXIV

Hot lust upon their faces beam,
The glow of youth is rife,
By myriads then as in a dream,
The men are roused to strife :
O ! woe to them, that solace trust,
In embraces foul and reeking lust !

XXV

For now a gulf profound and deep,
Obscures from view the sight,
Fierce hoary rocks along the steep,
Cry woe to human wight,
That dare transgress the rocky shore,
Where subtle venom hides her lore.

XXVI

And now the shoals or conceit were,
The graves of many more,
Foul harpies now their hearts out-tear,
Chill winds of Hate them froze :
While some in raging anguish bore,
Right on to Despair's windy shore.

XXVII

On one side lay an expanse drear,
Dark storms its bosom toss'd,
Full many a land engirt with Fear,
In darkness wrapt was lost :
There grim Despair did hold his court,
And Melancholy walled the fort.

XXVIII

It was a painful sight to view,
Such joy in anguish end,
That once happy band scarce knew,
What grief would them attend :
With battered sail and broken mast,
'Mid grief and rage, they breathe their last.

XXIX

But lo ! I see him still make head,
A boy no longer he,
His silken sail was laid to bed,
Beneath the stormy sea :
And bearded now and gray with age,
He beats the foam with eager rage.

XXX

The storms have passed, the clouded sky,
With golden wreaths was decked,
All fair and calm the waves abye,
His form with sprays befecked :
And bear him smoothly, gently, on
Unto the land of smiles and morn.

XXXI

Fair Mortal ! happy wanderer !
O child of Innocence !
A mother's love, her fondling care,
Hath steeled thy mortal sense,
All ills to shun, to Hope, not fear,
So taste thou now, all angelic cheer !

LINES ON VIRTUE

Like the shades of a garden
Where white lilies blow,
Like the scents of the morn
When roses do grow,
There glows a little flower
So pure as the snow,
In the heart of a maiden
The loved one I know.

But sweet ! O far more sweet
Is the breath of her sigh,
Than the fragrance of winds
When spring-time is nigh

When the corn-fields are ripe,
 When thick the cow-slips lie,
O sweet ! far more sweet,
 Is the breath of her sigh.

When the quick summer is flown
 O flowers of the field,
Where art thy leaves blown ?
 Away, across on the wild :
But thou O child of my love
 How doth thy blossom fare ?
In petals lovelier of light
 Spreading more rare.

O Maid ! in thy heart
 I see that flower bloom,
More radiant, more lovely,
 When darker is the gloom :
Never like the field-flowers,
 Will its glory be shed,
Its beauty will etherealise,
 Ere its fragrance be sped !

THE SONGS OF THE FREE

Withheld from publication—The Press Act.
THE LAW MUST BE RESPECTED.

THE STAIRCASE OF THE LORD

I

All in golden spirals see,
Silver windings o'er the lea,
Over the mead, over the dale,
Across the hill from the vale,
In links of PRAYER see them dight,
Crystal steps 'twixt amber light,
Leading on to stars above,
Homes of Joy and lasting love,
To the mansions of the Lord,
See the staircase of thy God !

Then why wilt not climb, O stranger, why ?
Why pause thou 'mid the cold, O mortal, why ?

II

He calls to thee, to one and all,
Will brook no peer, no slave, no thrall :
Freedom, Equality, He doth hold,
To them that climb with hearts o' gold,
Those mansions lasting, loved and just,
Safe to homes of Eternal Trust,
Where the Angels sing in choirs,
That swell and move celestial airs,
The breath of the Lord, it stirs us all,
Will brook no peer, no slave, no thrall !

Then why tarry thou, O Stranger, why ?
Why pause thou 'mid the cold, weak Mortal, why ?

FUTURITY

[To my Sisters and Brothers.]

Often have I bethought,
Why 'mid a happy lot,
Of Life's full pleasures bought,
I should for ever pine, eh pine,
That something else again may shine,
Some happiness anew be mine !

O 'tis the dissembling sky,
Weak'ning each sense, the eye,
More with our ardour still to try :
As is the irony of life,
Happy man or happy wife,
Still pent in agony or strife !

What need we then to chide,
Pure joys, the earth's doth hide,
E'en these they may not long abide :
All fancies that enchant the sight,
Seeming radiant with light,
All wilt vanish, our fears despite.

Aye soon, all, all must die,
This world itself grown nigh
To depart, will roll by :
Our very loves in shadows fraught,
To spirit-realms which God hath wrought,
Wilt pass for ever and aye, unsought !

THE FOUR SEASONS

Summer woos in printed frocks,
Winter sighs with drizzled locks,
Autumn leads her withered dance,
And Spring renews the summer-trance.

And such be wild-flowers gathered in their prime,
For the neglected brow of hoary Time.

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